ABDOMINAL APPROACH TO EDUCATION, By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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"THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP"
by C. M. Dixon
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman

"CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS"
by Will D. Howe
Reviewed by Alexander Cowie

"BUREAUCRACY RUNS AMUCK"
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"AL SCHMID MARINE"
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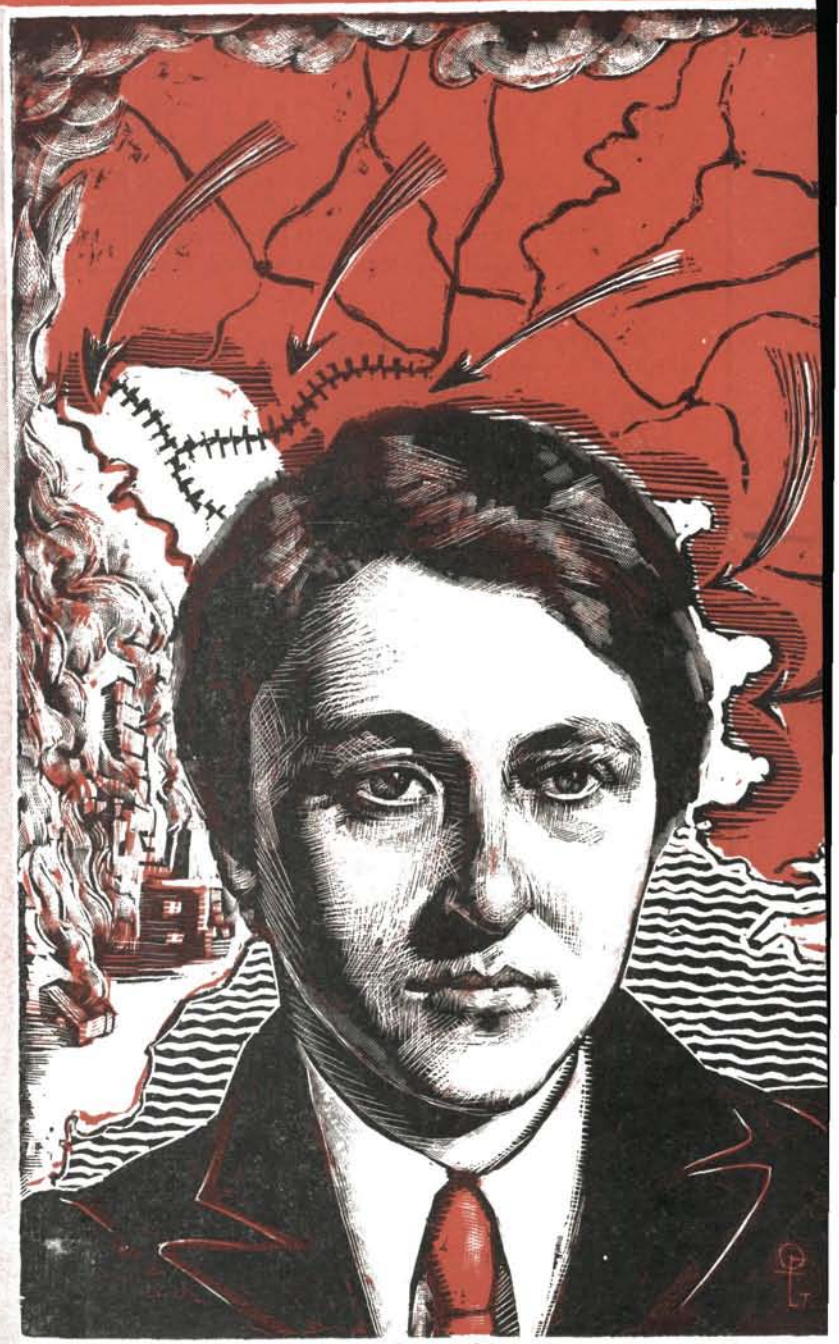

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Abdominal Approach to Education

Growing Pains in Learning Should Not Be Exclusively Cranial

C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

I HAVE been told that someone once asked A. E. Housman how he could spot a great poem and he replied, "When it gives me a pain in the belly." I am not sure that I have ever expressed myself in just that way, but I do know that the contemplation of a great poem or statue or political institution seems to cause a chemical change in my bloodstream, and I am willing to hazard the opinion that the total effect of college education can be, and indeed must be, to give a student a pain in the belly.

If, however, the collegiate experience is to overwhelm and possess a student, emotionally and intellectually, we must first reassert the old truism, so often overlooked in theory as well as in practice, that the college exists primarily for the student. This is not quite the same as saying that all we need is a professor and student at opposite ends of a log, for college today is a rather complicated business, with libraries and laboratories and corporate living, but the chief task nevertheless must be to bring the student and the professor (it matters little what he teaches, so long as he is a great human being) into a closer relationship.

In a brilliant recent paper in *The Saturday Review*, "Citizen or Mechanic?", Dean Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard University proved quite conclusively, I believe, that the aim of post-war college education must be to produce citizens rather than mechanics—not that a mechanic cannot be a great citizen, but that we must take care to develop thinking human beings and not mere mechanisms. If we may agree, for the sake of discussion, with Dean Jones's generalizations, I should like to essay the possibly more prosaic task of filling in some of the outline.

The institution which largely prevents the full and easy realization of collegiate education is a necessary and fairly innocuous-looking organism known as the curriculum. To begin with, the professors, who are an industrious, underpaid, and admirable group of gentlemen (I'm one of them myself) and who in addition have very great skills, conceive of the curriculum as a purely academic matter, with no real relation, for example, to the living and eating habits of the student body. And then, after they have set up the so-called curriculum, they leave its operation to the tender mercies of a curriculum committee or the administration. Sometimes this is good, generally not. The layman little suspects the power of a college administration; but perhaps you will recall the story of the American who went to the University of Berlin as exchange professor before the last war and was eventually introduced to the Kaiser in substantially these words: "Your Excellency, I wish to present a representative of an autocracy within a democracy, who has come to visit a democracy within an autocracy."

Almost anything, in other words, can happen to a curriculum in the hands of the administration. I know of a college where one of the most important humanistic studies was killed by a hostile administration; whereas, at the institution I know best, the president has boldly and eloquently reiterated to students and alumni alike the superiority of Greek over economics (a vastly over-rated subject, incidentally), so that today, in the midst of war, Greek still prospers. As Pericles put it, "we are lovers of beauty without extravagance, and we cultivate wisdom without weakness" and, I may add, without apology. (I do not teach the subject.)

It is easy, particularly if you are a professor, to blame the administration for everything, but candor compels me to admit that all too often we toss into the presidential lap a pedestrian and conventional program of studies. Its chief fault is that it resembles a cafeteria, though our Catholic colleges have not erred as badly in this as the rest of us. The idea seems to be that, in spite of our years and education, we have nothing to say, really, to the youth of the land, and leave it entirely to the individual to decide what course is best for him. We do not say this out loud, for we speak of distribution (or electives) rather than of cafeterias, and can proudly point to an imaginary counterweight known as concentration. And, in addition, each one of us can mention something distinctive in his own curriculum.

—From "Stops," Middlebury College Press.

AT Harvard, for example, there are the general examinations at the end of senior year, a particularly vicious device, for, if past practice is any guide, it has been in vogue long enough for Harvard to abandon it and the rest of the country to adopt it. But the chief trouble with general examinations is that it encourages the poor student to pile concentration upon concentration in order that he may pass, while the superior student does exactly the same in hopes of a *summa*. At Princeton, on the other hand, there is the so-called thesis course, as if the ordinary undergraduate were ready for this type of independent work. And, to take a final example, there is the four-course program at Brown, which denies to the student a true sampling of the curriculum.

Perhaps I had better make it clear at this point that I believe it possible for an industrious and capable student to get a first-rate education at any college in the land; indeed, the most civilized person I know never went to college at all, but just the same I think the safest bet for her children (and mine) is to aspire to a college education. Meanwhile, I am rather appalled by the thought that I have something to do with the education of other people's children and am doing nothing to make the experience more worthwhile for them.

My whole life, however, is founded on the conviction that a college education can be made to give a student a pain in the belly—an expression I do not wholly like, somehow, but it sums up the idea quite nicely. To begin with, and this is the essence of the matter, a student must fall in love with college education itself, and the only true way I know of achieving this

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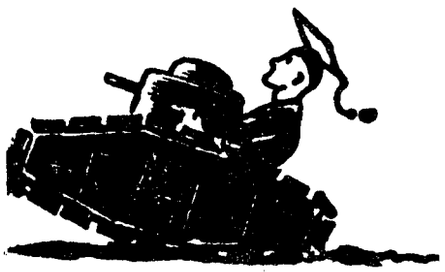
is for him to see at first hand what a really glorious and wonderful thing is represented by a college faculty. I can imagine the hands that are going up in horror at the thought of a college student mastering the sum of human knowledge. But that is not what I said. The fact is that students actually take the oddest assortment of courses that hit here and there over the entire curriculum without any apparent purpose (you have to see a student's program to appreciate it); and I submit that order can be brought out of this chaos in a way that will suggest to the student the magnitude of man's achievement and the immensity of the problems that lie ahead. In the hands of great teachers, abdominal pains will begin to stir. It is another story, but if we are to have enough great teachers, we must revise drastically the habits of the graduate school, so that professors really encompass their field instead of being devotees of a relatively narrow subject. Can you imagine teaching the history of France when you know practically nothing of French language, literature, and art?

If you will take a look at any college catalogue, you will be hard put to it to find more than a score of great fields. By sensible lumping together, they can be reduced to about a dozen groups, and a student should be required to study a subject in practically every one of these groups during his first two years in college. This ought to please almost everybody. It should please the educationalist, whose mumbo jumbo about contact courses and kindred matters will always be meaningless to me, for he will find everything he wants in spite of myself. It will please the professor who quite understandably hates to give a required course, and it will look after the student who has "blind spots" for certain subjects (though the war is proving that any boy who wants a commission can do mathematics).

ON the other hand, I myself like the idea because there is not the slightest suggestion of a division or conflict between science and the so-called humanities, or between the past and the present. The whole body of learning, in itself a glorious spectacle, will confront the student, and he will be compelled to spend two thrilling years in an orderly examination, at his level, of a large section of it. After all, the entering student has only recently ceased to be a child (although I would not dream of telling him so), and he has come with all sorts of preconceived notions about college, which are quickly transformed by dormitory and fraternity into even queerer convictions.

When you come right down to it, college has little to offer on the academic side except academic matters, and we had better settle down at once to the question of motivation. This whole business of enthusiasm and curiosity, of industry and discipline (concerning which the Army has taught us a good deal, though I prefer the self-imposed variety) was covered pretty thoroughly by Pericles in his Funeral Oration many years ago: "I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens till you become filled with the love of her; and when



—From "Stops," Middlebury College Press.

you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this state she owes to the wise man's understanding of his duty, to the good man's self-discipline in its performance and to men with the fighter's daring."

After two years in college, presumably, some great branch of learning will appeal to you particularly, and I see no reason why much of your energy should not then go into a peculiar type of course (it is important, for some reason, to keep the word), where, let us say, you read book after important book and write essay after essay, all under the direction of a professor. It would be as unexpected as it is unnatural if professor and student did not do some real thinking, to say nothing of coming to know each other outside the classroom; in fact, I would make the whole experience so vital and so immense that it would be impossible to set an ordinary examination.

And if we can do something to improve the character of examinations, there is no reason to despair of our eventual ability to throw overboard much of the credit system, which tries so hard to standardize us. For one thing, I would institute a good many courses that meet but one hour a week, in order that every student could take the great personalities of the campus, of whom there are always a good many.

I CANNOT end without explaining that I was not forgetting the professor when I remarked that college exists primarily for the student. After all, if I as a professor didn't amount to much, your child would be in a fairly hopeless situation, and you may be quite sure that anyone who paid money to take a course with me last spring might just as well have poured it down the sink, because (like most of my colleagues) I had been teaching for almost two solid years and had been so reduced to an animal plane by sheer fatigue that I had ceased to give a fig for my students. The reason for this fatigue is that, as a profession, we have thus far refused to become technicians: college teaching entails nervous exhaustion; back of the hour's session with challenging youth lie hours of preparation and back of them lie more weeks and months of sustained thought (known as research).

It is curious and tragic the way we have to excuse research to the public. for our critics, by and large, are our former students who have escaped our clutches without discovering what it is all about. On the one hand, we are accused of doing something very important and dry, and on the other hand, of just plain loafing. And yet, a few Sunday afternoons ago, I turned on the radio broadcast of the Toscanini concert and found the Vice-President of General Motors in charge of Research explaining to *his* audience that research really doesn't mean wizardry and magic at all, but just good, hard work. And I am always a little irritated when I return from the country in the fall to have my lay friends greet me with a polite, "Have a good vacation, Professor?" They seem to think that I and my colleagues have been populating the golf courses and beaches, though they never trouble to explain how the winter resorts remain solvent.

You may, if you like, justify research on the ground that without it there is little reason for our teaching load—I shall never forget the expression on the face of a relative, a school teacher, when I told him that I taught but nine hours a week. Or you may insist that the attack on ignorance is an honorable career. But it is better to come to the heart of the matter and recognize that it is simply a question of giving your life to your work; no college teacher who is worth his salt can be kept from research and the publication which is so necessary, among other things, to test the validity of his conclusions.

Colleges can play a vital role in shaping our civilization, if they will insist day in and day out on the only thing which they are really meant and equipped to perform. And that I believe to be the bringing together of two gentlemen, one young and the other mature, but both of them in love with their job. When that happens, a good many of us are going to have an acute pain in the belly.

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Case History of a Russian Village

THE RAINBOW. By Wanda Wasilewska. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THIS is no book for people with nerves of silk or for those who want to forget the war and are looking for the sweet drink of dream, romance, escape, and oblivion. But whoever wishes to get the cruelly plain and true picture of what the war is like in the Nazi-occupied territories behind the actual battle lines; and whoever tries to grasp the full reality of the fascist doctrine of total war; and whoever strives for a comprehension of what makes the men and women (and children) of Russia fight with that formidable endurance, courage, and confidence which have astonished allies and enemies alike, such a person cannot afford to miss Wanda Wasilewska's novel "The Rainbow," a story of the agony and tortures and struggle and survival of an unknown Ukrainian village occupied by the enemy. No, he cannot afford to miss this book although he should know beforehand that it will not give him any relaxation but grip him at the throat and make his heart throb with compassion and fear, and that only at the end, when he has accompanied Wanda Wasilewska's heroes on their painful and bloody way through storm and night, will he be warmed by the triumph of life and human dignity over destruction and barbarism.

Maxim Gorki, in talking of the Russian peasant, liked to quote the words he had heard as a youngster from a village patriarch in the Voronezh district: "The peasant is like a forest. They burn the forest, they cut the forest, and yet it continues to live and to grow."

These words came constantly to my mind while I was reading "The Rainbow." There is the village, one of ten thousand similar populated places we read about in the war communiques: a number of cottages, a church, a few public buildings, and an old belfry somewhere at the crossing of two roads on the wide Ukrainian plain. The best cottages are occupied by the soldiers of the German garrison. The big house near the church which used to be the village soviet is now the *Kommandatur* and the prison for hostages. At one end of the village there stands the gallows, unavoidable symbol of Nazi occupation—two poles with a crossbeam from which the stiffened body of sixteen-year-old Mitya Levanyuk dangles since more than a month. On the other end, in the bushes near the brook, lie the Red Army men fallen in the defense of the village, stripped of their uniforms and underwear by the conquerors, unburied by special order of Captain Kurt Werner, commander of the German garrison. Near the gallows is the barn where Oleana, beaten up, starved, thirsty, and clad only in a ragged shirt, has to give birth to her child in a savage cold.

—From "The Thousand Million."

And near the barn is the cottage of Malyuchikha who has to bury her little son, shot by a Nazi sentry, under the floor of the passage of the hut in order to hide him from the enemy.

This is the tragic scene for deeds of utmost human baseness and supreme human grandeur. Olean's new-born baby is killed in her presence in order to extort from her information about the partisans in the nearby woods. Wounded prisoners of war are shot because they try to grab a crust of bread thrown to them by the village women. Hostages await execution unless the population delivers the hidden harvest to the German *Kommandatur*. Children starve nearly to death. A raped girl wanders on the edge of insanity. The "forest" is burned and cut, yet it lives and grows.

They don't give way. They never despair. Life has its triumphant entry into the liberated village where the mother of the boy hanging from the gallows names her new-born infant Victor because he came to this world on the day of liberation and victory. Meanwhile the Red Army men who freed the village are already on their march further westward under the multicolored, all-pervading glow of a rainbow arching from east to west.

Miss Wasilewska, at present a war correspondent and the head of the Union of Polish Patriots in the USSR, winner of the Stalin Prize for Literature in 1943, writes in a virile manner. Her style is powerful, clear, and straightforward, and yet full of an inherent poetry. A comparison with the British edition shows that the American editor has done an admirable job of polishing and editing.

The Philosophic Barkeeper

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP. By C. M. Dixon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 347 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THERE is a fine, warm, loving quality about this book that bathes it like a solvent and holds it together. Holding together is what it needed most critically, for it is even now a loose and episodic book, a series of sketches rather than a novel with any consecutive order of events. It has a place, Krist's bar on the waterfront at Eleventh Avenue, and it has four or five permanent characters who give the scene some ballast: Krist himself, the philosophic barkeeper, Nancy Nichols, a reporter gathering material for a story about the waterfront, Molly Southerland, a seaman's wife, Benny Lynn, a sea-shocked survivor of several sinkings. The rest wander in and out of Krist's Place like good bit players, seamen of all nations, wives, girls, barflies, parasites, a whole salty population with a world and mores of their own, whom you will never see east of Tenth Avenue. They pause briefly in the spotlight to unfold each his or her tale for Molly or Nancy, or to sit dramatically for the space of a drink with hands stretched out upon the table, staring and remembering, and move on.

Their tales are of the new struggle superimposed upon the old. The sea is dangerous enough; now it is war too, with Nazi raiders and sub jacks, a confused struggle in the dark. There is indeed the devil on either side and the deep always below. You are conscious very soon of a repetitiousness in these yarns. I think Dixon, or is it Miss Dixon (there is some sense of this in the writing), gives us too much of a good thing. A pruning of the tales in number and detail would have permitted, to those remaining, greater significance, more intensity. As it is, there is too much retelling and diffusion. One yarn is like another, and even the men seem to blend. But we do get what I have already mentioned, a strong, pervading emotion about these seamen, a sense of tragedy, pity for their struggle and loneliness, that builds up to become the book's chief freight of meaning. We perceive it finally as an extended elegy for all seamen, soberly written out of a full heart.

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Love of Lamb—Man and Writer

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS. By Will D. Howe. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 364 *pp., bibliography, index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

"CHARLES," said Coleridge, "I think you have heard me preach?" "I n-n-never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb. Such jocularity with the sage of Highgate implied a friendship not easily disturbed. Lamb was rich in friends. He had the qualities and defects which make for easy social intercourse. Unlike Coleridge, he did not lecture people. Though a "bundle of prejudices," he had few strong convictions. He seldom talked politics. He was not an "authority" on anything. Progress was not one of his interests: indeed a retrograde movement of society (in the direction of Sir Thomas Browne and the Elizabethans) would have pleased him well enough. He was not a profound man, and he probably dozed off when Wordsworth's or Coleridge's learned sock was on. He was in no way of heroic proportions in body, mind, or emotions. (One cannot mourn for long at his unsuccessful suit of Fanny Kelly.) His weaknesses were not heroic either; a fondness for the juice of the juniper berry; a woeful untidiness; unseasonable jesting (as at funerals) and incessant punning. One of the most nearly perfect of prose writers in English, Charles Lamb in his personal life must often have seemed fumbling and ineffectual. Yet he had, as De Quincey discovered, a "high self-respect," and he resented being called "poor Charles." Sorrow did not kill his keen love of life, though it may have tempered its outward manifestation. He gave the impression of walking softly among quiet joys lest he reawaken a malign Fate. And his pleasures were mainly simple: books, plays, solitude, the streets of London ("All the streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you"), a joint of mutton with Mary, a humorous tale, old familiar faces, and—dream children. To be his friend was to share in some of these joys.

Mr. Howe makes his book, for the most part at least, out of Lamb's friendships. First there was Mary, dearest of all. Her distressing seizures (which often cut "sad great slices" out of their time together) did not reconcile him to the thought of her final release in death: "I will imagine us immortal." Their association forms the material of one of Mr. Howe's best chapters. In another chapter he rounds up all the people of record who might fairly be called friends of Lamb. There are the great names of Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; the important names of Southey, Leigh Hunt, Crabb Robinson, and Godwin; and lesser names including those of a ragged fringe not less dear to the fancier of odd characters and kind hearts. "Fine gentlemen," as such, there were none. To each of the friends Mr. Howe devotes a few paragraphs or pages. He also commingles the friends in a generalized account of the Wednesday evenings: "All great men have public days," said Lamb. Mary provided food, snuff, whist tables, and plenty of spirits: Lamb liked to see his friends by "punch-light." Conversation ranged from idle gossip and graceless puns to brilliant, witty commentary. Lamb was moderately inconspicuous, emitting puffs of smoke and little jets of talk—talk which has helped to make him immortal. The immortal letter-writer is here too—revealed in plentiful examples from what Lamb playfully disparaged as "this cold, thin correspondence." For the rest, there are chapters on the East India House, the theatre, the "Essays of Elia," Lamb as poet and critic, and "Lamb the Man."

All this and more too in Mr. Howe's book. It is good to have this book, this record of Lamb revisited. It would be pleasant to add that the book is a work of art in its own right, but such is hardly the case. Mr. Howe provides the facts, and he modestly expresses his love of Lamb, man and writer. He offers no special interpretation. Perhaps it is just as well; for every reader of Lamb is a jealous reader and would resent any writer who seemed to wish to appropriate Lamb to himself. Mr. Howe has written a faithful book and presented it without pretentiousness. Lamb would have liked that.

Charles Lamb

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

UNIQUE PROPS USED IN WELL-KNOWN PLAYS

The stage properties listed below are so distinctive that they should call to mind the well-known plays in which they were used. Allowing 5 points for each play you can identify, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 29.

1. Three jewel boxes, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead.
2. A black marble bath tub, with a built-in gold-plated telephone.
3. A xylophone, a printing press, and some live snakes.
4. A steam shovel.
5. A sack of turnips.
6. A life preserver lettered *S.S. Titanic.*
7. A pin ball machine on which red and green lights flash, a bell rings six times, and an American flag pops up while a record plays "America."
8. A dead mouse.
9. A live cocker spaniel.
10. Two stepladders on an otherwise bare stage.
11. An Egyptian mummy case.
12. Seven telephones and a large roll top desk.
13. A snickersnee.
14. A bookcase of pitch pine, which contains 600 books, with glass doors to prevent your getting at them.
15. A silver bullet.
16. A musical cigarette box that plays the Wedding March.
17. A large ruby, and the blind idol whose eye the ruby had been.
18. A large, black leather handbag, with handles to it, marked by a scuff, a stain, and initials on the lock.
19. An incompleted set of bright orange and black curtains.
20. A large and ugly china pug dog.

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Licking Chops over "Chaos"

BUREAUCRACY RUNS AMUCK. By Lawrence Sullivan. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 287 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

ON the jacket of this "thriller" is the blood-curdling sentence: "All of a sudden the planners' dream leaped from the drawing boards to become a living, breathing thing in a world at war—a bewildered and hysterical bureaucracy running amuck with emergency powers, appropriations, executive orders, directives, and sonorous proclamations signifying chaos."

Eager to read on, although slightly bewildered, perhaps, by the surrealistic visions of dreams "leaping" from drawing boards and running around with "emergency powers, appropriations, executive orders, directives and sonorous proclamations" dangling from them like the bananas Josephine Baker wore during her last appearance at the Folies Bergères, one turns the pages only to run up against paragraph after paragraph like this;

> On one day in March 1943, for example, the New York State Retail Merchants Association recorded arrivals of sixty-two carloads of potatoes, as compared with 143 carloads on the same day of the previous year. Oranges were ten carloads, against twenty-one a year earlier; fresh peas, one carload against thirty-three; spinach, six carloads against twenty-six; grapefruit, ten carloads against twenty-six. Total cars of all fruits and vegetables on track in the New York market that day were 292, against 554 a year earlier.
>
> About the same situation developed in poultry.

This may be war, but it is not magnanimous. Not to the possible purchaser of Mr. Sullivan's book, and he and his publishers should either label their goods properly or else submit themselves to the Pure Food Laws. Even Governor Bricker, with the best will in the world, will nod over 287 pages of unadulterated, or, one should possibly say, adulterated figures. As for myself, I am reminded of a fellow cadet in the last war, a nice, uncomplaining fellow, who after two months' study of Army Regulations, arose one night in barracks, threw the ponderous volume to the floor, and announced, "Four hundred and more pages, and not a laugh in the whole thing!" There is, however, quiet amusement in Mr. Sullivan's book for those patient enough to search for it. There is always amusement in figures collected, or eliminated, for a definite end. Although I am convinced that Mr. Sullivan never heard of Metternich's famous statement that these were "lies, damned lies, and statistics."

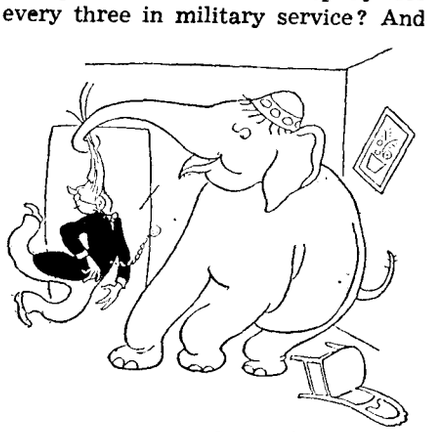
For example, Mr. Sullivan carefully avoids the exact date in March a year ago when New York, that greatly over-fed city, was on the edge of starvation, all due to the wicked bureaucrats in Washington. Suppose it had been a Sunday or a holiday? St. Patrick's Day also comes in March. And if it wasn't, where are all the other contributing factors, pro or con?

On every page, in fact, one strikes something of the kind. There is a fiery chapter on the coffee shortage which must have been written shortly after Pearl Harbor. It is an illuminating comment on the fact that if you are going to write about contemporary events it is well to keep a weather-eye open on what may happen in the future.

I like coffee. This morning I had three cups. I could have had six had I wanted. Perhaps Mr. Sullivan drinks tea.

He also makes the startling statement that at the present ceiling prices of fourteen dollars and a fraction a hundred-weight no cattleman can make a living since its costs him seventeen dollars and a fraction per hundred-weight to produce his beef. Come! Come! who told him that? Until recently I was a cattleman myself. If it costs any cattleman seventeen dollars and a fraction per hundred-weight to produce beef, that cattleman had best get out of business at once and turn to leading symphony orchestras. He'll do better. A few years ago "the boys" thought they were rich, and so they were, when they were getting eight cents a pound. Today, they are millionaires.

Nor are any of the rest of these earth-shaking figures, all of which have been heard before, more constructive than the ones given. Suppose there is one person in federal employ for every three in military service? And suppose their number has doubled over that of the last war? Well, what of it? Our armed services are almost triple what they were in 1918, our population has increased about twenty million, and the problems of this war make those of the last picayune in comparison. Moreover, the Government of the United States is the biggest business in the country. Is the Air Service inefficient because it takes twenty men on the ground to keep one man in the air?



—Cartoon by Rea Irwin, from "Cartoon Cavalvade."

And so on, and so on, straight down the line.

No one believes in more government than there has to be, no one believes in more bureaus, but by simply giving their numbers and then saying they have increased over those of thirty years ago by this, or that, means absolutely nothing. Nor does it mean that the number of these bureaus will continue indefinitely once the emergency is over. Neither does it prove anything to quote the mistakes, verified or not, that have been made over a period of twelve years or so by any government. Of course mistakes have been made. They always are. Twelve years is a long time. What about the accomplishments?

Mr. Sullivan's publishers use the words "chaos"; Mr. Sullivan himself ends his book on this tender and nostalgic note:

> Can America find her way back from this wilderness of personal government? May she never look forward again to that sort of peace and good will at home and abroad which wells up naturally from the humble and charitable hearts of free men? Surely our national history for 150 years cannot have been a great illusion. . . .

By the use of the last sentence Mr. Sullivan proves that he knows nothing of our national history.

Christopher Marshall, wealthy Quaker, fleeing to Lancaster when the British occupied Philadelphia, called General Washington "a supine coward," and continued, "This is a strange age in which I now dwell, because nothing can be had but cheap lies, falsehood, and slanderous accusations. Love and Charity, the badges of Christianity, are not so much as named amongst us."

What Christopher Marshall said was echoed by hundreds of other Americans in "the dear dead days," not only of the Revolution, but of the Civil War, the last war, and in every other crisis this country has had to face, when either the weak-hearted, or the invidious, saw opportunities, as they always do in crises, to suit their temperaments or interests.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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"Jap-killer," from the drawing by Major Donald L. Dickson, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

The Biography of Nobody

AL SCHMID MARINE. By Roger Butterfield. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1944. 142 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

MR. BUTTERFIELD has attempted one of the most difficult feats in all literature—the biography of nobody; rarely attempted except in fiction and still more rarely successful even with that assistance. Al Schmid was a marine who fought heroically (he himself spits at the sound of the last word) at the battle of the Tenaru, was almost completely blinded, and received a Navy Cross. But since then there have been Attu and Kwajalein and Tarawa, with many others still to come, so that his personal part in the war will look very small by the time the lights go on again. Very small; for after all he was in action and shooting at the enemy for only a part of one night before he was hauled out by the heels.

Since then he has done nothing but marry the girl he was going to marry when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the radio. Before that he did nothing but the aimless floating from job to job of the average young American brought up at the fringe of city and country who finds school too much trouble after he has turned fifteen. It is unlikely that he will trouble history further. Only in fiction could one reasonably ask that the curtain be lifted on the outcome of that marriage.

He is, in fact, the typical case of the boy who went to war because there was a war, the young American who was fighting on Guadalcanal for blueberry pie. If his story has any importance it is because his case is typical. Mr. Butterfield has done his best to present us with all the evidence for making our own estimates in this typical case and it is a fairly good best. It is also a brief best; we could have done with a little more about Al Schmid's early days, the kind of home he lived in, and the wallpaper.

One also has the sense that the narrative has been cleaned up a good deal. But this is probably due to the fact that the biographer has no source but the subject himself for all these early passages. When the more difficult spot is reached where it is necessary to consider Al Schmid's relations with his Ruth (whose letters he returned because he did not wish her to be tied to a man 95 per cent blind) the narrative becomes considerably more adult and by this token more interesting.

In fact, this is the center of the really important part of the book, with its suggestion that the most current discussion of post-war problems is being conducted in a vacuum, since the greatest of all the post-war problems is the reintegration into society of men who have radically changed since leaving it. Al Schmid has achieved his reintegration—for the time being. But will they all?

Political Rings

THE BIG BOSSES. By Charles Van Devander. New York: Howell, Soskin & Co. 1944. 318 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by W. S. LINES

MR. VAN DEVANDER is a trained political reporter, now the head of the *New York Post* Washington Bureau. He is therefore in an excellent position from which to survey the major political rings that have been characteristic features of the American scene since long before Lord Bryce expressed his horror of our local government or Thomas Nast belabored Boss Tweed. While he of necessity delves into the histories of bosses of the recent past—Huey Long, Pendergast, Platt—for the most part his "heroes" are very much alive and kicking. Some, like the men of Tammany, are having their troubles partly through incompetent leadership, partly through failure to adjust to social and political change. Others, like Jaeckle, Sprague, and Dewey of the New York State Republican machine, are proving themselves worthy successors of the late Thomas C. Platt. All of them betray a common pattern of desire for power, unusual talent, and rather loose interpretation of the idea that a public office is a public trust.

Mr. Van Devander has an eye for the color and flavor of his subjects, but primarily he is interested in the dynamics of local politics in America. With most of the men and machines described by him, the average American reader of newspapers and news magazines will have some acquaintance. He probably lacks, however, the portrait in the round which he can find in these brief but searching essays on the more important municipal and state rings in America. He will obtain also a reasonable explanation of the apparent paradox to be found in the mutual dependence of some of these machines and a national administration dedicated to the highest principles of liberalism and democracy. He will be given the story of incidents like the Aurelio case and *The Daily Worker's* endorsement of Hague. But he will not get any attempt to answer the problem posed by Lincoln Steffens, to discover and deal "with the cause of the source of the pressure to buy and corrupt"; nor will he be given the sense of the sinister which Sinclair Lewis gave us with Buzz Windrip or Dos Passos with "Number One."

+ HELP THE RED CROSS +

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The All-American Hero

Davy Crockett Was a Cut from the Whole Cloth

IRWIN SHAPIRO

AROUND the end of the eighteenth century a question began to trouble the minds of Americans: What is an American? Voiced sometimes plaintively, sometimes cynically, sometimes boldly, like a challenge, it grew increasingly insistent as successive waves of immigration added new elements to our national make-up. It haunts our literature, lurking between the lines when not openly expressed, and perhaps more than anything else gives our writing its distinctive flavor. Lately, in book after book on various aspects of America, the question has evolved into an almost passionate search for identity.

The search takes the form, for the most part, of a reëxamination of our past, and here the writers of today have an advantage over their predecessors. They have a little more past to work with. And having experienced a boom, a bust, a New Deal, and a Pearl Harbor, having survived a period of debunking and a period of depression, they have had a chance to test and evaluate their beliefs.

It was during the depression that the need to define our national character led us to a serious consideration of our folklore. At the risk of sending the Dies Committee into another spasm, we must credit the left wing and the WPA with having furnished much of the impetus in this direction. Not that any one group possessed exclusive rights to our folk heritage. Take the case of "Ballad for Americans," a work in the folk tradition. Written for a Federal Theatre production by a composer and a lyricist at that time associated with the left, sung on the radio by Paul Robeson, it wound up on the program of the Republican National Convention and was recorded by Bing Crosby. Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," on the other hand, was first published in *The Saturday Evening Post* and was made into an opera and a Hollywood movie. The revival of balladry spread from union halls to night clubs. As for the WPA, the Federal Writers' Project alone put hundreds of writers to recording tall tales, folk customs, and regional history.

Benét himself summed up the general feeling when he said, "It has always seemed to me that legends and yarns and folk tales are as much a part of the real history of a country as proclamations and provisos and constitutional amendments. The legends and yarns get down to the roots of the people—they tell a good deal about what people admire and want, about what sort of people they are. You can explain it in terms of Rip Van Winkle and Paul Bunyan, of Casey Jones and Davy Crockett—not the Crockett whose actual exploits are in the history books, but the Crockett who was a legend during his own lifetime—the frontiersman on his hind legs. And once you start digging into the latter sort of material you get more and more fascinated."

And yet, despite books like Vincent McHughes's "Caleb Catlum's America," Jeremiah Digges's "Bowleg Bill," Roark Bradford's "John Henry," Franklin J. Meine's and Walter Blair's "Mike Fink," it seems to me that all this activity failed in one respect. It produced no single folk hero who could capture the public fancy and become a symbol of what we mean by an American. In fact, aside from Paul Bunyan and John Henry, even the names of our folk heroes are unfamiliar to most of us.

We have Lincoln, of course, and there is no need here to discuss the significance of the Lincoln myth nor to belabor the point that he is a folk hero as well as an historical figure. But the mood surrounding Lincoln is that of reverence and humility; he stands too tall; he is what we aspire toward. This is right and should be so. The trouble is that we lack a companion figure to represent us as we are, an everyday sort of fellow, more legendary, more in the comic vein, in whom we can laugh at our quirks and foibles.

Which of our folk heroes can fill the bill? Paul Bunyan, the mighty logger? John Henry, the natural man? Old Stormalong, the great seaman? Pecos Bill, the peerless cowboy? Mike Fink, Casey Jones, Steamboat Bill, Joe Magarac, Big Mose? They are all too special. Andy Jackson, Daniel Boone? Almost, but not quite.

No, there is only one candidate with a real claim to the position. He is Davy Crockett, the yaller blossom of the forest, half horse, half alligator, with a little touch of snapping turtle—the same Davy Crockett mentioned by Benét.

—Illustration by James Daugherty, from "Yankee Thunder."

I AM not the first to extol the wonderful Davy. The affection felt for him by Constance Rourke shines through her "American Humor" and led her to write the biography of the actual man; Parrington devotes a section to him in "Main Currents of American Thought"; he has been discussed by Walter Blair, Howard Mumford Jones, and Richard M. Dorson. Further, there was a time when Davy was acclaimed by every inhabitant of the United States.

The rise of the Crockett legend is in itself typically American, being partly the result of a mud-slinging political campaign. The flesh-and-blood Crockett had won some local fame as a hunter and frontiersman in his native Tennessee, and as an Indian fighter under Jackson, but not until his election to Congress did he become a figure of national importance. Even then he might not have achieved a wide reputation, for the record of his first years in Congress is undistinguished. But when he withdrew his allegiance from President Jackson and became a violent anti-Jacksonite, he was built up by the astute Whig politicians as the very arch-type of frontiersmen. To counteract the anonymous "Sketches and Eccentricities of Col. David Crockett," he allowed to be issued under his name "A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett, of the State of Tennessee"; "An Account of Col. Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East"; and "The Life of Martin van Buren." How much of a hand Davy had in them is still in doubt, but there is no doubt that the "Narrative" faithfully mirrors Davy as he thought himself to be, nor that he cheerfully lent himself to the making of a myth. An irrepressible exponent of frontier wit and waggery, he found the role a congenial one and he played it for all he was worth. According to Parrington, the myth was almost entirely the creation of shrewd politicians, but this would deny the place of the Crockett almanacs.

The almanacs first appeared around 1835, after Davy's heroic death at the Alamo. They were small, badly printed

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—*From a sketch by Donald McKay.*

Irwin Shapiro

pamphlets, with a page or so on the phases of the moon, and the rest given over to anecdotes of life in the West and the tallest of tall tales about Davy. They were issued under such titles as:

> Crockett's Yaller Flower Almanac. Go Ahead! Snooks, no danger her going off! The Ringtail Roarer! Ripsnorter! Circumflustercated Grinner's Guide! Davy Crockett's Almanac: Daring Adventures in the back woods; Wonderful Scenes in River Life; Manners of Warfare in the West; Feats on the Prairies, in Texas and Oregon. Calendar Calculations Correct for the Whole United States. I leave this rule for others when I'm dead, Be sure you're right, then go ahead!
>
> Crockett Almanac, Containing Life, Manners, and Adventures in the Back Woods, and Rows Sprees, and Scrapes on the Western Waters.

Even during his lifetime, tales of an epic quality began to be associated with Davy. In 1832, for example, when Halley's comet was approaching the earth, this item appeared in the newspapers:

> APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT
>
> Davy Crockett, of Tenessee, to stand on Allegheny Mountains and catch the comet, on its approach to the earth, and wring off its tail to keep it from burning up the world!

In the almanac stories Davy became the apotheosis of the American frontiersman. He had great strength and could, of course, whip his weight in wildcats. He could grin a raccoon out of a tree. He was a sure shot, a fearless fighter, and a superlative dancer. He was a familiar of the creatures of the forest; his tame bear, Death Hug, smoked a pipe and went ice skating, his pet buffalo, Mississip, sang "Old Hundred" in a deep bass voice. Nature in her wildest aspects held no terror for Davy. Once he outdistanced a tornado by riding a streak of lightning. His greatest feat of all was thawing out the sun, when "the airth had actually friz fast on her axes, and couldn't turn round; the sun had got jammed between two cakes of ice under the wheels, an' thar he had been shinin' and workin' to get loose till he friz fast in his cold sweat." Davy squeezed hot bear oil over the sun's face and the "airth's axes," gave the earth's cog-wheel a backward kick, and in about fifteen seconds the cosmic machinery was in motion.

Not all the almanac tales reach such heights; many of them are crude and reflect the brutality of frontier life. There are curious notes on the technique of eye-gouging, and horrendous accounts of brawls and violent combat. But through the best of them runs a strain of poetry. They abound in vivid imagery, and their anonymous writers often experimented with language, using invented words like indignitorious, slantendicular, supernatiousness, and absquatulate.

For twenty years the almanacs flourished, and Davy's name was a household word. Then, suddenly, the almanacs ceased publication and the bottom fell out of the Crockett myth. The shadow of the Civil War blotted out Davy, and the rise of industrialism swept aside our preoccupation with the frontier. Except as an historical figure he was all but forgotten.

But Davy could not die. Memory of the Crockett myth remained dormant in the American consciousness, and slowly he began to emerge again, notably in the writings of Constance Rourke and in Richard M. Dorson's "Davy Crockett, American Comic Legend," a compilation of the almanac tales. He popped up in Carl Carmer's collections of tales and songs, and a novel and a play were written around his life. The play—Edwin Justus Mayer's "Sunrise in My Pocket"—was purchased by a motion picture company and we may yet see Davy on the screen.

Only our current attitude toward folklore has kept Davy from regaining his rightful position. Although we have got around to listening to folk music without embarrassment, we are too often apt to regard folk tales as something for children, and publishers almost automatically relegate books based on folklore to their juvenile lists. This self-consciousness may have been brought about by our failure to give American folklore the really wide attention it deserves; or it may be due to the fact that our folk literature exists mainly as a mass of unrelated fragments and brief anecdotes, like the almanac tales. To our writers falls the task of giving form to such material, of making our legendary heroes significant in terms of our own times. By knowing them better we will better know ourselves, and we may be on the way to discovering what constitutes an American.

A prepublication review of ***Irwin Shapiro's*** *forthcoming "Yankee Thunder: The Legendary Story of Davy Crockett," appeared in* THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of March* 11, 1944.

—*Illustration by James Daugherty, from "Yankee Thunder."*

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History in Terms of Bread

SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF BREAD. By H. E. Jacobs. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. *xlv plus* 399 *pp. Illustrated.* $4.50.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

THE story of bread is the story of civilization. To bake bread, men must grow cereals, grind meal, and build ovens. Bread is more than substance; it is one of the most profound symbols in human imagination. It represents the struggle for survival, the rivalry for power, the obligation of man to his fellows. More than that, it symbolizes his relationship to forces beyond his control, whether he conceives them to be the physical world, an impersonal moral order, or divinity manifest in both.

It is a much more serious task to write history in terms of bread than of battles. Unquestionably it is a better way. To undertake it requires poetic insight, over and above historical scholarship and skill. The author has these merits, and by their virtue has produced a book that is significant and vastly entertaining as well.

The domestication of grain precedes the beginnings of recorded history. The leavening of bread appears to have been an Egyptian invention. From the ovens of the Nile Valley, the author traces the chronicle of bread and mankind in the Western world down to the dictum of Herbert Hoover in 1943, that "World peace means a peace of bread."

This is not the most exhilarating angle from which to view the human drama. It gives the effect of sustained, or at least, recurrent tragedy, relieved only by the knowledge that men in their best moments are grateful for bread and feel the obligation to share it with their fellows. The oppression, debasement, the revolt—often futile—of those who produce bread from the earth are reiterated in empire after empire, century after century. So, too, is the exhaustion of the earth through our failure of stewardship. The young peasant, brought to the gallows for his rebellion, who exclaims—"Alas, I am about to die, who have never twice had my fill of bread!" seems to speak for voiceless millions.

So important do I consider this book, that I hope no pains will be spared to clear it of numerous and serious defects by thoroughgoing revision. Since it is in translation, and the subtleties of language are great, it is hard to fix the responsibility in all cases. Certainly there is room for clear-headed editorial work of a general character. The opening section on "The Bread of Prehistoric Man" needs to be gone over jointly by competent students of biology and cultural anthropology.

Liebig's Law of the Minimum applies to books as well as to wheatfields. This law states that fertility is determined by the element present in least favorable proportions. It would be regrettable to have a book so rich in its implications discredited or neglected. The closing chapters alone, on modern Europe and America, are too valuable for that. If author and publisher will give suitable care to future editions, the thoughtful reader should be able to reach the main body of the book with his confidence unimpaired.

—From the book
The Tale from the Baker and the Devil.

The Anisfield Awards

THE Board of Judges for the Anisfield Awards for the best books on racial relations for the year 1943, has selected for the first prize of $1,500 "The World of Sholom Aleichem," by Maurice Samuel, and for the second prize of $500 "New World A-Coming," by Roi Ottley. The offering this year included an unusually large number of excellent books in the field of Jewish relations. Several of them represented exceptionally high standards of scholarship and historical significance, but were not directly concerned with the position of the Jew in the contemporary international scene. Of the remainder which serve specifically to interpret the position of the Jew in modern life none seemed to the Judges quite the equal of Mr. Samuel's book. Out of a sympathetic incursion into Sholom Aleichem's literary world and a close familiarity with his characters the author has reconstructed a vivid and appealing picture of a vanished culture in Russia of the nineteenth century. Its significance for Americans of today is partly that individuals of the types represented in this book were the ancestors of countless thousands of present-day American citizens, and partly that it presents portraits of many likable Jewish types which are all too unfamiliar to American readers and theatre- and movie-goers. The disappearance of these characters from the artistic scene in this country is probably traceable in part to an overzealous attempt to eliminate caricatures and racial stereotypes. It is therefore both refreshing and illuminating to get such a clear portrayal of a distinctive group of individuals sometimes irrational, often whimsical, occasionally irritating, but always alive and genuinely human. The literary style of Mr. Samuel's book is of a high order and his understanding of the heart not only of the Jews, but of the human being, is deep and sincere.

"New World A-Coming," the winner of the second prize, is a remarkable achievement in that it is a thoughtful and provocative study in race relations which is at the same time so colorful and entertaining that it has been outstandingly successful in the popular market. Roi Ottley is a Negro, a resident of Harlem, and his book is a vivid relation of that fabulous community from its slum-shocked dregs to its café-au-lait society. Although it is the urban Negroes whom Ottley knows best, he conveys eloquently to the reader what the Negro in America feels about being a Negro; what he is thinking on present problems, who are his leaders and his heroes, and what are his resentments and his aspirations. The book maintains a good-humored and objective viewpoint, avoiding both bitterness and pedantry, but nevertheless it is charged with the Negro's new feeling of urgency and his welling determination to over-ride the barriers which discrimination and double standards have set up against him and to take his proper place in this American democracy.

The Anisfield Awards were established by Edith Anisfield Wolf in memory of her father, John Anisfield, and are made yearly under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Defenders of the Faith—and Fact

THE HUMANITIES AFTER THE WAR. By Norman Foerster. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1944. 95 *pp.* $1.50.

VITALIZING LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Algo D. Henderson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 196 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IT is more than fitting that, at a time when we are questioning our moral aims as never before, defenders of the humanities should speak forth in as straightforward a fashion as do the authors of the articles in this little volume, "The Humanities after the War." There is good reason to believe that the humanistic tradition with its unique concern for values is being revived in American education. We can hope that natural science, engrossed in happenings, and social science, preoccupied with processes, will restore to the humanities the place in collegiate interest which belongs to the custodian of the ends to which the others supply the means. Despite the impugning of motive by the anti-intellectual, and despite a press that thinks to discredit liberal education by referring to its proponents as "big book boys," there is a visible trend in American education toward a new appreciation of the humanistic disciplines.

There have been many statements of the significance of the humanities, some of them classic. Most of the things said in the miscellany which Norman Foerster has compiled have been said before. Nevertheless they are said well and there is special interest in the men saying them and in the time in which they are being said. As would be expected, each of the seven authors stresses a different aspect of the subject. Wendell Willkie makes a plea for the continuity of the liberal arts even in wartime. Roscoe Pound, dean emeritus of the Harvard Law School, sees a modern Epicureanism, a distrust of reason rising out of contemporary giantism and incipient decay. Such an intellectual temper may delight dictators, but in a democracy it needs the powerful antidote of the humanities. Theodore Greene, mindful that our young people in their eagerness to be modern too often succeed only in being contemporary, suggests that "a student who has received a sound, enlightened humanistic education will be prepared for life with a fine linguistic equipment, a trained ability to examine facts critically, a sharpened and heightened sensitivity to values, a developed capacity for historical and philosophical reflection, and, as a cumulative result of all these disciplines, an enhanced capacity for reflective decision and action."

The reader will be tempted to quote from all these men. For they are in a very real sense proof of their own statements. What they say and their ways of saying it are clear evidence of the lucidity of thought and cogency of expression that can be derived from the humanities. Abraham Flexner's "The Burden of Humanism" is "the assessment of values, insofar as human beings are affected." William MacNeile Dixon seeks the answer to the question raised of a great poem, "What does it prove?"

Related in interest and subject matter but quite different in treatment from the foregoing symposium, is Algo D. Henderson's "Vitalizing Liberal Education." Mr. Henderson, the president of Antioch College, would agree with the humanists in their declared ends. Compare his definition of blind education with the one quoted above: "It is an education that tends to produce the liberal individual—the person who, because of his perspective of history, his critical observation of contemporary society, and his understanding of social dynamics, helps to facilitate needed change in the world." But Mr. Henderson does not put all his faith in the humanities. For obviously he fears too great a rootedness in the past. He seeks a position somewhere between the random experience of the extreme progressives and the past-mindedness attributed to the ultra-traditionalist. He talks of rounded individuals instead of cultured men, of growth instead of discipline, of total environment. For him there is nothing to fear from the vocationalism which Hutchins of Chicago has warned against; and his college is in the world, though above it. Antioch College has been identified with the coöperative system of education for some time, and its non-traditional willingness to send its student into the marketplace has given it special interest to educators. In the current ferment over educational methods, many of them will find President Henderson's experience and ideas well worth consulting.

Norman Foerster

The detailed treatment of method will be of less interest to laymen, but they too can find here the scope and plan of an educational scheme by which a college designs to prepare its students for contemporary living—to counsel them as well as instruct, to prepare as specifically as possible for democratic participation. That the plan works we have the reputation of Antioch to prove.

There'll Always Be a Second Spring

By Bridget Dryden

WHICH is more beautiful, watery smell of spring,
of aromatic buds, or mist of song
carolling and answering the high trees among?
Which is more lovely, killdeer in the marshes
or the translucent laugh of trembling larches?
Beaded frog-jelly by San Gabriel's hidden
brown stream or birds that flash in secret, bidden
scarletly northward when the tanager
times his long flight to forests conifer?
A child's round silken head delights us much
for roundness is a sweetness to the touch;
so sound and sight and touch are implicate;
and arm-in-arm they walk unseparate.
A beaded jelly or the azure round
of the great sky—why differentiate
beauties of touch and scent and sight and sound?

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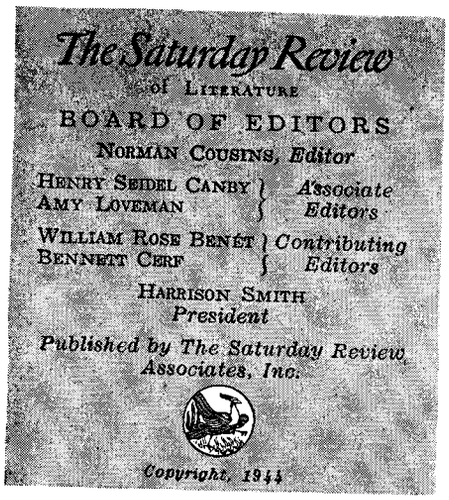

"STRANGE FRUIT"

THE banning in Boston of Lillian Smith's sincere and moving novel on Negro-white relations recalls earlier literary pogroms in that one-time citadel of liberal thought. It was in the 1880's that the predecessors of the present Watch and Ward Society called for legal action against Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," which the great publisher Osgood had lifted at last from the limbo of semi-private printing. One of the poems chiefly objected to was the now famous description of the dalliance of eagles in mid-flight. Not even eagles were to be allowed to display their sex over the chaste waters of Back Bay! Osgood withdrew the edition which was reissued and sold in Philadelphia.

Ever since then, if not before, Boston has provided when necessary the die-hards of Victorian decency. Yet a study of this last action of police-morality shows interesting divergencies from the earlier pattern. The attack, it seems, is not upon the honest realism of the book or upon its frank depiction of the unfortunate tendency of the whites of Georgia to seek the strange fruit of racial passions stronger than their own, while keeping the noose and stake for any threat to their white supremacy. The book is acceptable in Boston except for one ancient colloquial word for sexual intercourse, repeated on one page, and used as it naturally would have been used by a Negro boy who knew no other word to express his meaning. The scene itself is intended to describe, and does so poignantly, the horror and shame of an innocent child at her first encounter with crude sexual desire.

No one, so it seems to us, has the right to criticize the Boston booksellers for withdrawing the book, since, according to the local law, the use of this word in print renders the agent who circulates it liable to fine and imprisonment. No one can deny the author's right to stick by her text, as she is reported to have done, although one may question her judgment at first writing in raising the issue in a book where four-letter words are in no sense indispensable.

And yet it was time that the issue should be raised and the outcome may be much more important than what happens in Boston to this excellent book, which will have its national success whether Bostonians are permitted or not permitted to buy it with its one forbidden word.

The question is whether the time has not come to end the bootlegging of the so-called four-letter word. One by one such scientific terms as syphilis have become innocuous, although only a generation ago if used, as now, in popular articles, they would have left many a genteel editor speechless. The four-letter words are far more ancient. They belong to the honest speech of our Puritan forefathers, who, when they were morally aroused, did not make the rhetorical error of calling a whore a prostitute. They are certainly not evil, nor wrong in themselves, although, since they have to do with bodily functions, a pornographer can always make wrong, and often evil, use of them.

That is precisely the point, which is beautifully illustrated by the case of "Strange Fruit." It is time for a mature civilization to take its legal ban off words as such, and reserve its police restrictions for their harmful use. What is harmful in the use of words can be described but not too precisely defined in a statute. Every case has its own characteristics. For definition in a particular one we have recourse to the courts.

In the childhood of many of us a bad little boy was too often described as one who said "damn" or "hell" and had his mouth washed out with vinegar. Many a worse little boy had a better reputation because he prudently spoke his bad words only in private. The argument is not that little boys of this generation should be encouraged to say "hell," but rather that when it comes to serious and important books we are dealing with adult writers for a mature civilization. To apply the penalty of pornography to them, if in their desire for an honest realism they let their characters speak with their own tongues instead of using a dictionary, is nonsense. The need for the four-letter word in creative art is about as frequent as a need for whole-hearted cursing in polite conversation. Taste and common sense should govern both, not the law. Thomas Gray thought that "mood" was an unnecessary and outrageous word. There was a time when "female" was regarded as highly indecent. Away with such arbitrary taboos! Any word in the great English language is a good one, if honestly and properly used.

H. S. C.

Furlough's End

By Eva Byron

FOOTSTEPS echoing down the stair . . .
How bleak this lonely room,
These walls, how bare!

A moment gone, and he was standing here
Saying a last goodbye—
I shall not cry
His name aloud, or try to call
Him back. I shall not even hurry down the hall
To watch him go. I shall pretend
He's only going for a little while.

I hear his slow reluctant tread
Descending . . .
It isn't any good at all,
Pretending.

How many times, and on how many nights,
Startled,
Shall I from restless sleep awaken—
Hearing a sound that leaves me hushed and shaken . . .
Hearing a ghostly sound that is not there:
Footsteps . . .
echoing . . .
down . . .
the . . .
stair . . .

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

American Not-So-Innocents Abroad

SIR: Mr. Stimson's article on "You, Too, Can Write a Book About South America" points out one of the severe handicaps to the Good Neighbor Policy. However, it isn't only the "week-end" journalists who tear down the work that such men as Mr. Stimson are trying to do; it is the American colony itself.

For the past two years my husband and I have lived in Bogota. Two years isn't nearly long enough to get the "feel" of either the language or the people. But it's plenty long enough to get sick and tired of the American colony. They sit around and play bridge with each other, pass around the latest "stories" about Colombia and its people, and learn only enough Spanish to tell their maid to serve dinner at 7:30.

It's no wonder to me that most Colombians have a small opinion indeed of North American intelligence and "culture." Most of the upper class Colombians really *can* converse in four languages. Yet the American diplomatic representatives who are supposedly picked from among the educated groups in the United States, either neglect to learn Spanish, or learn it so badly that they had better stick to English.

If the State Department is really serious about the Good Neighbor Policy, it had better start working on its own men, teaching them that Latin-Americans might be interesting to know, and that it would be a good idea to learn Spanish if they're interested in a diplomatic career.

Incidentally, Mr. Stimson is one of those rare people who speaks Spanish, and who enjoys Colombians as good friends and associates.

MARGERY FERGUSON COOLEY.

Shaker Heights, Ohio

Word Wanted

SIR: Will you join me in the search for a new word, one that will describe adequately and do justice to much of the best writing being done today? I find myself rebelling against the word Non-Fiction.

It's a misnomer; what's more, it's silly, as silly as to call "A Bell for Adano" non-fact.

The "non-fiction" we are getting now is fact, plus observation, plus color, and often drama. It utilizies fiction techniques freely, and often embraces opinion and interpretation. It is not a new form, but who would care to predict how far it may develop.

My own thinking has yielded nothing satisfactory. *Fact* is too narrow; *reportage* says little more than reporting. Perhaps we should ask the Quiz Kids, but meanwhile how about dropping the problem in the lap of the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature?*

FRANCES WHITING.

New York City.

"When are you going to open that telegram you got last Summer? Maybe it isn't bad news!"

Abolish the German Language?

SIR: Miss Kerr's letter of Feb. 26, suggesting that the German language be suppressed, seems to be creating quite a stir.

That readers should make a great to-do about it is understandable, since there are many nonsensical people in the world. But for *SRL* to encourage such balderdash, is unpardonable.

This is a stupid, biased proposal, which has no bearing on the issue of the war and offers no solution to the major problem. It makes as much sense as the suggestion that one cut a toenail to relieve a toothache. You should be ashamed to give it space.

HELEN CARTIER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I thoroughly agree with Ernest S. Gohn's letter, regarding the suppression of the German language, as suggested by Sophie Kerr. When I read her letter, I thought to myself, what piffle, she doesn't know what she is talking about. Even if the idea didn't originate with her, she gave voice to it.

About twelve years ago I visited Central Europe and remained for some weeks in a small Bohemian town, part of the territory which formerly belonged to Austria. I found resentment toward the Czechs because of their attempt to rout out the German language. I speak German fairly well, but was asked by my friends to refrain from speaking it on the streets, for fear of offending the Czech population.

And what about Sud Tyrol, didn't the Italians try to do the same thing? It only stiffens a people's resistance. I'm surprised you even gave space to such a foolish letter—and by the way with how many more books are we going to be flooded on "what to do with Germany and how?" Does anyone ever read them?

ELIZABETH HALMEL.

Elmhurst, L. I.

SIR: In connection with *over*-discussed "Is Germany Incurable?" it is good to remember that probably *one-fourth of the people* of the United States have German blood in their veins within not many from five generations.

OTIS MOORE.

Kenilworth, N. J.

"It Is Later Than Radio Thinks"

SIR: Harriet Van Horne's denunciatory remarks about radio soap operas (*SRL* Feb. 19) were commendable, but I would have appreciated her article more if she had given us a suggestion as to what would take the place of soap operas.

Miss Van Horne's vision of the future, when housewives' will do their dust-

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ing to the accompaniment of "A Discussion of Plato's Republic" instead of "Life Can Be Beautiful," is encouraging but not very likely. Soap operas, like the poor, will always be with us, I am afraid. Perhaps there is not enough talent in radio to raise "Mary Marlin's Love Life" to the level of "Cyrano de Bergerac." These morbid serials must fill some psychological gap in the minds of their twenty million female listeners, or how have they survived nine years of depression and four of war? We need a psychological substitute for soap operas, and I'm afraid more and better Town Hall programs will not fill the bill.

BURLING LOWREY.

Wantagh, L. I.

Beauty and the Books

SIR: It is presumed the chisel-nosed, bespectacled spinster characterization in the cartoon on page 17 of your March 4 issue is supposed to be that of a librarian. If this is true it would not be surprising to hear that hundreds of your regular women subscribers in the profession cancelled their subscriptions.

Unless or until the press, periodicals, and picture studios stop casting librarians as wasp-waisted, old maid clerks and commence portraying them as pulchritudinous peaches, the ideal of any personnel manager's dreams, it will be next to impossible for library schools to do positive, selective recruiting.

It is hoped *The Saturday Review* may be first and foremost in rendering this yeoman service to modern librarians of the fairer sex. If such a crusade "catches on" it should ultimately be reflected in greater public interest and use of libraries, increased circulations, and budgets, together with a higher professional standing and service.

XENOPHON P. SMITH,
Service Command Librarian,
Chief, Library Branch,
Special Services Division.

Fort Douglas, Utah

The Real Mr. Knowles

SIR: In *SRL,* there appears a letter from a man who signs himself Richard J. Needham, *The Calgary Herald,* Calgary, Alberta, having a little fun over a mistake in a letter I wrote to you sometime ago criticizing one of your book reviews.

Mr. Needham points out that there is no G. O. Knowles, M.P. in Toronto and no prominent G. O. Knowles in Toronto.

Mr. Needham is quite correct, but being a newspaperman himself I think he probably knew perfectly well that the writer of the letter was C. O. Knowles, Editor of *The Evening Telegram,* Toronto, and it was so signed.

I am writing this letter to assure you that your editorial leg was not being pulled—at least not by me.

C. O. KNOWLES,
Editor, *The Evening Telegram.*

Toronto, Canada

"What Has Happened to the Limerick?"

SIR: Grandpa Lambert, the wheezy old gentleman in Thorne Smith's, "The Night Life of the Gods," should be an especial companion of Cowl Rider who inquires what has become of the limerick.

Although the old fellow withholds in the book any quotations from the ancient storehouse of his memory, he promises to reveal an "exquisite bit of vulgarity" about a Persian to his granddaughter's husband—if he's the right sort of a husband. But the granddaughter delivers herself of the following:

Said a certain king to his queen:
"In spots you grow far from lean."
"I don't give a damn,
You've always loved ham,"
She replied, and he said, "How obscene."

Perhaps Mr. Rider would like to add this one to his collection.

RODNEY LUERY.

Milltown, N. J.

"If I remember correctly, you are the lady who complained when they changed the size of the dollar bill."

A.S.P.C.I.

SIR: Wouldn't it be wonderful to read through a few paragraphs of a review without encountering the word "impact"??

J. B. RUNYON.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

"Super-Dupering the War"

SIR: Let me be among those who congratulate you on Eric Sevareid's piece on the battle of adjectives in your February 12 issue.

Let's not confuse advertising with reporting. The copywriter—along with the novelist, poet, and dramatist even if on a different plane—is seeking to persuade emotionally as well as reasonably. Since the advertisement is clearly marked as partisan, where is the sin in that?

That many an advertising copywriter doesn't know how to use his tools well, lays it on too thick, and comes up with something sugary and incredible, is an undeniable fact.

Therefore: let us have more criticism of advertising by men who understand the craft of persuading with words and pictures.

J. W. MASON.

East Hartford, Conn.

Rules for Anyone

SIR: When I was younger, and the rule was that "any one," "every one," "some one," were always printed with a space, all went well. Neither writer nor printer nor reader had any trouble. Of late, for the sake of parallelism with "anybody," etc., regardless of the resulting non-parallelism with "no one," and under the untrue pretense that the old method encouraged misunderstanding of the meaning, many printers and some grammarians have started a fad for discriminating "anyone," etc., and "any one," etc., as having different meanings. The result, instead of clarification, is constant obfuscation by printers who print "anyone," etc., regardless of meaning.

Most of the trouble could be avoided by two rules of thumb: always put a space before "one" followed by a modified noun, and always put a space before "one" followed by partitive "of." But in your issue for March 4 I read "everyone of these problems" in the article by the president of a university, and "a member of anyone of Turkish dynasties ruling Asia" in the Double-Crostic.

It is true that when we come to "anyone of the opposite sex" it may be hard to make a printer who is not an expert grammarian realize that this "of" is not partitive and hence does not call for the space. But if he does print "any one" in that phrase, his only fault will be that of being old-fashioned (in fact, classical), while the "anyone of" and "everyone of" which he has printed are not correct according to any standard either past or present.

S. T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

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Portfolio of Pollen Paintings

WHERE THE TWO CAME TO THEIR FATHER. Text and Painting by Maud Oakes. Commentary by Joseph Campbell. New York: Bollingen Series I, Pantheon Books. 1944. 84 *pp.* $8.50.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH S. SERGEANT

THE first offering of the Bollingen Series, an associate of Pantheon Books, comprising "a Navaho War Ceremonial as given by Jeff King, with Text and Paintings Recorded by Maud Oakes and a Commentary by Joseph Campbell," originates on that borderline where American Indian ritual and the modern consciousness meet and fertilize one another. The late Mary Austin would have valued it, immensely, for she believed that the complex racial heritage of legend, folklore, and religious ritual still handed down from one esoteric group to another, within relatively intact tribes like the Pueblos and the Navahos, was destined to move away from its exclusively Indian significance and through cultural transfusion become important folk drama of our American continent.

Quite the most interesting thing about the War Ceremonial here recorded, however, is that it is being religiously performed this very year, this very day, for the strengthening of young Navaho males about to be inducted into the armed services of Uncle Sam. In the last war Indians might be accepted as volunteers; in this one they must meet the draft, like the rest of our youth—if they do not volunteer first, as Indians are drawn to do. Therefore when Jeff King, a wise old medicine man of Crown Point, New Mexico, reviving a ritual fallen into disuse since the bygone days of raiding, places the departing soldier at dawn on a buckskin with its head to the East; when he traces in cornmeal, ground flowers, and the pollen of flowers, plants, trees, a symbolic color painting, chanting the while the exploits of the hero-twins, the war gods, Monster Slayer and Child Born of Water, he is enacting in Navaho terms the role of the Christian priest at the zero hour in the jungle. Not all Christians could subscribe to this, perhaps, but that is the way it feels to a Navaho still true to tribal tradition.

Miss Oakes records this unfamiliar ceremony. It is based on the well-known myth of the war gods who journey from the home of their Mother, Changing Woman—an earth-nature deity—to the House of the Sun, their Father in the sky, where they meet crucial initiation tests, which enable them to get power to kill the monsters that threaten humanity below. She is herself an artist, interested in symbols and in psychology. That without the training of the scientist she was able to establish her own integrity and authority with a chanter, to the point where Jeff would give her material he held holy for record in a white man's book, is a tribute to her impersonal insight, as well as to her personal gifts which anthropologists, at least, will appreciate. Miss Oakes had the backing of Clyde Kluckhorn, a recognized Navaho authority, but the commentary on the myth, in this original publication, is made by a literary professor at Sarah Lawrence College, who in a fashion both provocative and evocative has interpreted the Navaho material in the light of other American Indian myths and of other cosmic myths, especially the Hindu.

Every book, however, has its antecedents, and this handsome portfolio of pollen paintings, exquisitely reproduced by the silk-screen process; this thin brochure in which the myth and its antecedents are set down, together with a good working description of the color plates, and Professor Campbell's brilliant comment, owe their very existence to the great anthropological discoveries of the past twenty years or so, in the Navaho field. Without the works of Father Berard, Washington Matthews, and, more recently, Kluckhorn, Gladys Reichard, Mary Wheelwright, the collaboration of the trio—Jeff, Maud and Joseph—could hardly have produced a publication in which the general reader may browse and stare without too much sense of being out of his depth.

From the moment when white people share the ceremonies of the American Indian something of their secret worth for the Indian himself is on the wane. But if treated reverently, as in this case, the study of a ritual may cast a great light which falls in with the avowed purpose of the Bollingen Series: "to make available books of the past and present which contribute to the evolution of human consciousness." A reader who does not take fire from comparative mythology, or scoffs at the idea that a Navaho might make a better fighter on the Anzio beachhead because endowed with the "power" of Jeff's "Eternal Man" might yet thrill to the eighteen pollen paintings. Though to the Navaho they may have chiefly the value of ikons or saints' pictures, their esthetic quality is unmistakeable. Miss Oakes, following to the letter the directions of the medicine man, has yet translated them into the realm in which the student of the unconscious, the contemporary poet, and the abstract modernist painter feel alike at home.

A Man of Varied Talents

CHRISTOPHER SOWER, SR., 1694-1758, PRINTER IN GERMANTOWN. An annotated bibliography by Felix Reichman. Philadelphia: Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation. 1943.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

CHRISTOPHER SOWER, Sr., was a man of varied talents. Thomas says that he knew sixteen trades well enough to earn a living at them, and he was forty-four years old when he printed his first book—a primer of all religions. It, like most of the nearly two hundred titles recorded in this bibliography, was in German; in fact Sower had difficulties with his adopted tongue as the variant spellings of his name (Sower, Saur, Sauer) indicate, and the fact that he had to keep an English proofreader. He took as his motto "To the honor of God and my neighbor's good," and he proved his sincerity when in 1743 he consummated the printing of the second Bible printed in America, Eliot's Indian Bible being the only predecessor. It was a huge task for a colonial printing office, and forty years elapsed before anyone again undertook to print the Holy Scriptures in America. Ten or twelve hundred copies were printed, with the title page in red and black.

Sower is credited with being an "ardent pacifist," but in his disagreement with the sectarians of Pennsylvania he pulled no punches. As another country editor once said, "When Christians fight, they fight like the Devil." His Bible raised a storm, but he reprinted it in the same year. He also printed one of the earliest almanacs, and continued the series for many years.

This eighty-page brochure is lithographed from typewritten copy. It contains a biographical account of Sower, the annotated bibliography, a checklist of works on or about Sower, and an index. It is a valuable monograph, amplifying the scanty accounts of Sower to be found in the general histories of printing in America, and for the first time giving us a list of his publications.

✚ HELP THE RED CROSS ✚

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TRADE Winds

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS is a new show for the Marx Brothers. It's all very well to recall their patter of years gone by, and chuckle reminiscently over it, but something fresh along the lines of "The Cocoanuts" or "Animal Crackers" would give Broadway the fillip that would lift it right out of those early-Spring doldrums. . . . The funniest lines usually fell to Groucho. He revived on the radio the other night his "I never forget a face—but I'm willing to make an exception in your case." . . . One of his funniest routines concerned his African hunting trip which began with "Did I ever tell you how I shot a wild rhinoceros in my pajamas? How he got into my pajamas I'll never know." He came home in a rickshaw. The meter registered $11.40. "Confound it," he roared to the driver. "Didn't I *tell* you not to go through India?"

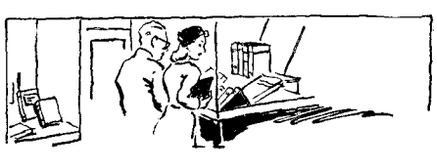
Then there was the skit where Groucho and Chico served as opposing lawyers. Chico became tongue-tied when it was his turn to question the witness. The judge thundered, "Well, ask your witness some questions." "All-a-right," said Chico. "What's a big-a da animal wid four legs an' a trunk in da front?" "That's irrelevant," screamed Groucho. "Dat's a right," agreed Chico. Groucho crossed the stage, planted his portfolio on the judge's bench, and declared, "I rest my case." . . . And the time when Groucho proposed to that wonderful foil, Mrs. Rittenhouse. "Your eyes shine," he told her, "like the seat of my blue serge pants." "But you'll have to get out of that house you're living in," he added. "I don't like Junior crossing the tracks. In fact, come to think of it, I don't like Junior." . . .

I SAW THE FIRST Marx Brothers exhibit on Broadway, "I'll Say She Is," in a party that included that canny but bashful printer, Lewis Young of Parkway. Groucho was in the middle of a routine when Young's seat collapsed suddenly and sent him sprawling to the floor. The people around him tittered, and Groucho stepped to the front of the stage and inquired, "What's going on down there?" "My seat collapsed," choked Young. "I'll wait till you fix it," said Groucho. He did too. Young adjusted the seat while the audience howled. Scarcely two minutes later, there was another crash, and down went Young again. "This is going too far," rasped Groucho. "Why don't you come up and do your act on the stage?" Young tucked the seat under his arm, strode to the rear of the orchestra, and watched the rest of the show standing up. . . .

THE WEAK SISTER of the Four Marx Brothers on the stage was Zeppo, but when he quit the greasepaint and became an agent, he ended with more pelf than the other three put together. . . . Harpo, who never says a word on the stage, is the wittiest conversationalist in private life, and was one of Woollcott's favorite companions. Harpo once flew all the way from Hollywood to Bomoseen, Vermont, for a weekend to surprise Woollcott. He painted himself from head to foot with hideous hues, paddled to the Island, and howled like a banshee. Nobody was frightened, however. In fact, nobody was on the Island. . . . Another time, Harpo appeared in a broken-down Model T Ford. "What on earth do you call that?" scoffed Woollcott. "This is my town car," said Harpo grandly. "Yes," answered Woollcott, "and the town is Pompeii!" . . . In a letter Harpo once referred to Mr. W. as "just a great big dreamer with a beautifully defined sense of double-entry bookkeeping." . . .

CHICO'S WIFE invited an elderly relative to spend a few weeks at his house one time. The visitor was very charming, but her English was on the sketchy side. When Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer, were coming for dinner, Chico took the old lady aside. "When Mr. Thalberg says 'pleased to meet you,'" he instructed her, "all you have to do is answer with one word: 'likewise.'" The old lady repeated the word several times, and swore that she would uphold her end without mishap. The Thalbergs arrived. "Pleased to meet you," said Thalberg, as expected. The old lady beamed at him. "Wise guy," she said. . . .

THE MARX BROTHERS once became the managers of a prize-fighter. He was a lumbering giant named Cohen, and richly earned the nickname of "Canvasback" by an invariable custom of getting himself knocked cold in Round One of every fight. The boys had a great time with Canvasback Cohen until one day, according to legend,



Groucho knocked him out in a gymnasium workout. That was too much! Harpo claims that Canvasback started as a lightweight, but was hit so many times that he swelled into a heavy. . . . Ives Washburn has published a fine history of the prize ring in America, called "Ten-And Out," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey. Nary a word about Canvasback Cohen do I find in it, however. He wuz robbed! . . .

IN HIS NEW BOOK for McBride, Sax Rohmer introduces a new super-sleuth named Bimbashi Baruk, and the publisher expresses a pious hope that he will rival the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu in mystery readers' affections. . . . I honestly don't know how the Fu Manchu tales would measure up to present-day standards, but when I was a kid they made my hair stand on end. . . . Dr. Fu devised one ingenious method of torture that haunted my dreams for weeks. His victim was tied securely in an open wooden case, which was then separated by partitions cut to fit exactly around his body. One was fitted just below the knees, another at his waist, the third below the heart. The wood that was used for the partitions was softer and thinner than the sides of the box. Then a couple of hungry rats were dropped into the bottom section, the subtle idea being that they would eat all the flesh in sight, and then gnaw through to partition number two. The victim presumably would live until the rats had made considerable progress. . . . After that, the Indian tortures described in the story of Mary Jamison were child's play! . . .

TIME was when the writers of Wall Street financial advices confined themselves to tips they had picked up from the neighborhood bootblack and similar sources they believed to be reliable. Today's market commentator, however, is another kettle of fish. An exhibit before me, for instance, goes so far as to quote Tacitus. "OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO," he declares, and translates it roughly as "people seem to be most bullish over things they know least about." It all leads up to an assertion that Western Union common, now merged with Postal Telegraph, is a prime long-pull attraction under 50. Could be! . . .

The Peeyou-litzer Prize for Paralyzing Puns this year eludes both Huebsch and Untermeyer, and falls into the lap of the perpetrator of the following horror:

WAITRESS: Hawaii, mister? You must be Hungary?

GENT: Yes Siam. And I can't Rumania long either. Venice lunch ready?

WAITRESS: I'll Russia table. What'll you Havre? Aix?

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GENT: Whatever's ready. But can't Jamaica cook step on the gas?

WAITRESS: Odessa laugh! But Alaska.

GENT: Don't do me favors. Just put a Cuba sugar in my Java.

WAITRESS: Don't you be Sicily, big boy. Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Serbia.

GENT: Denmark my check and call the Bosphorus. I hope he'll Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am!

WAITRESS: Canada noise! I don't Carribean. You're sure Arrat!

GENT: Samoa your wisecracks? What's got India? D'you think this arguing Alps business? Be Nice! Matter of fact, I gotta Smolensk for ya!

WAITRESS: Attu! Don't Kiev me that Boulogne! Alamein do! Spain in the neck. Pay your check and scram, Abyssinia!

FINNISH

ONE OF THE most fascinating chapters in Konrad Heiden's "Der Fuehrer" is titled "The Unhappiest of All Men," and attempts to explain the inner compulsions that governed Hitler's monstrous career. Regarding Hitler's sex life, Heiden speaks very guardedly. He refers to a letter Hitler sent his niece which "expressed feelings that could be expected from a man with masochistic-coprophil inclinations, bordering on undinism."... For an amplification of that statement the reader will have to consult Part Two, Volume Two of the two-volume edition of Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex."...

FAIRFAX DOWNEY has a book on the Dodd, Mead list for late Spring entitled "Jezebel the Jeep," in which the heroine is a quarter-ton truck. . . . The boys in the Army and Navy still go for the poetry of Robert Service. Dodd, Mead has brought out a new edition of his Complete Poems, entirely reset and streamlined. . . . Here is a sample from "Tall Tales They Tell in the Services," edited by Sgt. Bill Davidson, and published by Crowell: An officer came into a military hospital to make an inspection. In one room where three men were assiduously mopping the floor, he noticed a fourth come in with an empty wheelbarrow, turn the wheelbarrow over on the wet part of the floor, and then wheel it outside again. He did this several times, until the officer demanded of him, "What are you doing?" "We're washing the floor, sir," the soldier said sweetly. "These men are mopping it. . . ." "I see that," shouted the officer, "but what are you doing with that wheelbarrow?" "Oh that," said the soldier. "You see, we want to get finished in a hurry, so I bring in these wheelbarrows full of sunshine—and dump it here on the wet places to dry the floor off." . . . Bob Wetterau, manager in peacetime of Keeler's, in State College, Pennsylvania, reports this incident from his present post: Two K.P.'s were staggering under the weight of a steaming kettle they were hauling from the kitchen. A colonel stopped them. "Get me a ladle," he commanded. One of the K.P.'s rushed for a ladle. The colonel dipped it into the kettle, swallowed a mouthful, gulped, and roared, "Do you call that soup?" "No, sir," came the meek reply. "That's the water we've been washing the dishes in!" . . . Lt. Col. Rogers writes from the Pacific area that the most striking personality in those parts is a cannibal chief with nine Jap flags tattooed on his stomach. And a hand-lettered sign tacked to the officers' bulletin board reads, "Hats altered to fit any promotion." BENNETT CERF.

Vicki Baum

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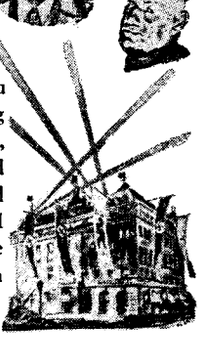

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The Partitions of Power

MAJORITY RULE AND MINORITY RIGHTS: A Study in Jeffersonian Democracy and Judiciary Review. *By Henry Steele Commager. New York: Oxford University Press.* 92 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

THE timelessness of Jefferson's political philosophy, as well as its continuing appropriateness to the solution of many of the conflicts in our institutions of government and social control, are well illustrated by Professor Commager's slender volume. Jefferson's faith in the people never faltered, his insistence on their right to form public policy through representative majorities never wavered, and his challenge to the pretensions of the judiciary to exclusive final review well deserves the attention the author brilliantly focused in lectures delivered, appropriately enough, at Jefferson's university. Especially valuable is Professor Commager's illuminating characterization of the operation of judicial review in the federal field, from which he concludes that "it is safe to say that had there never been an instance of judicial nullification of a Congressional act, our constitutional system would be essentially the same as it is today."

The great question, of course, is the location of the fact of power of final review. From the beginning, our government of the people under the Constitution has presented an apparent paradox between majority will and minority rights. In his first Inaugural, Jefferson remarked the "sacred principle" that, while the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, this will must be "reasonable" to be rightful. Moreover, the minority has "equal rights which equal law must protect, and to violate would be oppression."

But who is to determine whether the will of the majority be reasonable, or unreasonable and oppressive? Quite a few of the Founding Fathers felt with Hamilton that the common people is "A Great Beast." Efforts to thwart "the tyranny of the majority" had some part in the checks and balances of the Constitution, and have animated the zeal of the rich, the wise, and the good in behalf of court veto on legislative intent and executive act.

Jefferson rejected out of hand the theory that the Supreme Court could enforce on him its definition of his executive duty. The author quotes, with relish, a statement the third President prepared for, but omitted from, his first annual message on the state of the Union. After reciting that the country had thought proper to distribute the powers of the Federal Government among three "equal and independent authorities constituting each a check upon one or both of the others in all attempts to impair its Constitution," he declared:

> To make each an effectual check it must have a right in cases which arise within the line of its proper function, where equally with the others, it acts in the last resort and without appeal, to decide on the validity of an act according to its own judgment and uncontrolled by the opinions of any other departments.

When he entered office many had claimed "the protection of the Constitution against the Sedition Act," he

—Photo by Ben Pinchot

Henry Steele Commager

compared it with the Constitution, and "on mature deliberation, in the presence of the nation, and under the solemn oath which binds me to them, and to my duty, I do declare that I hold that act to be in palpable and unqualified contradiction to the Constitution."

In the Burr trial he denied the District Court's right to compel his attendance at Richmond as a witness, and later warned against the judges' claim of complete independence, because "whatever power in any government is independent is absolute." Inasmuch as both the executive and the legislature must go to the people for appointment every two, four, or six years, judicial "independence of the will of the nation is a solecism, at least in a republican government."

His protests against judicial review checked it little more than the later ones of Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, or the present President; it has become ever more strongly entrenched, and Professor Commager terms it now a part of our unwritten constitution. Nevertheless the feeling that the Court has been the guardian of the people's sacred rights and liberties seems to him more myth than substance; there have been about seventy-five instances of Congressional legislation being held unconstitutional, most of these have been cancelled out by amendment, new legislation, or the Court reversing its view. Also "the judicial record in the important—and controversial—field of personal liberties is practically barren," so far as Federal legislation is concerned:

> If we had to depend upon the Courts rather than upon Congress and the President for maintaining our constitutional system and protecting personal liberties, we would be in an awkward position. The fact is, of course, that there are very few instances where the Congress has threatened the integrity of the constitutional system or the guarantee of the Bill of Rights. . . . [The record reveals no instance] where the Court has intervened on behalf of the under-privileged—the Negro, the alien, women, children, workers, tenant-farmers. It reveals, on the contrary, that the Court has effectively intervened again and again to defeat congressional efforts to free slaves, guarantee civil rights to Negroes, to protect workingmen, outlaw child labor, assist hard-pressed farmers, and to democratize the tax system. From this analysis the Congress, and not the Courts, emerges as the instrument for the realization of the guarantee of the Bill of Rights.

This analysis brings the author to the very question: If we end the Court's right to final review, and give free reign to majority rule, "where shall we turn for protection of minority rights?" How can the majority will be kept "reasonable" and not do grievous wrong to minority rights? He points out, with proper force, that our political system, as well as the constitutional system, is one of checks and balances. Moreover, these are natural, not artificial, flexible rather than rigid, and "can yield to public opinion and necessity." The informal limits of politics add to the formal ones of the Constitution. Professor Commager admits that often they do not seem enough to head off state legislation apparently striking at freedom of speech or the press or at minority rights. But most of these are not clear-cut violations but borderline matters involving the use of the police or taxing power. The Courts have to "hunch" the right guess as to the propriety of the exercise of such powers. This book helps dispel some of the muddled thinking of these hectic days. In addition, it reads smoothly, despite the concentrated thought in the eighty-three pages.

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Alaskan Saga

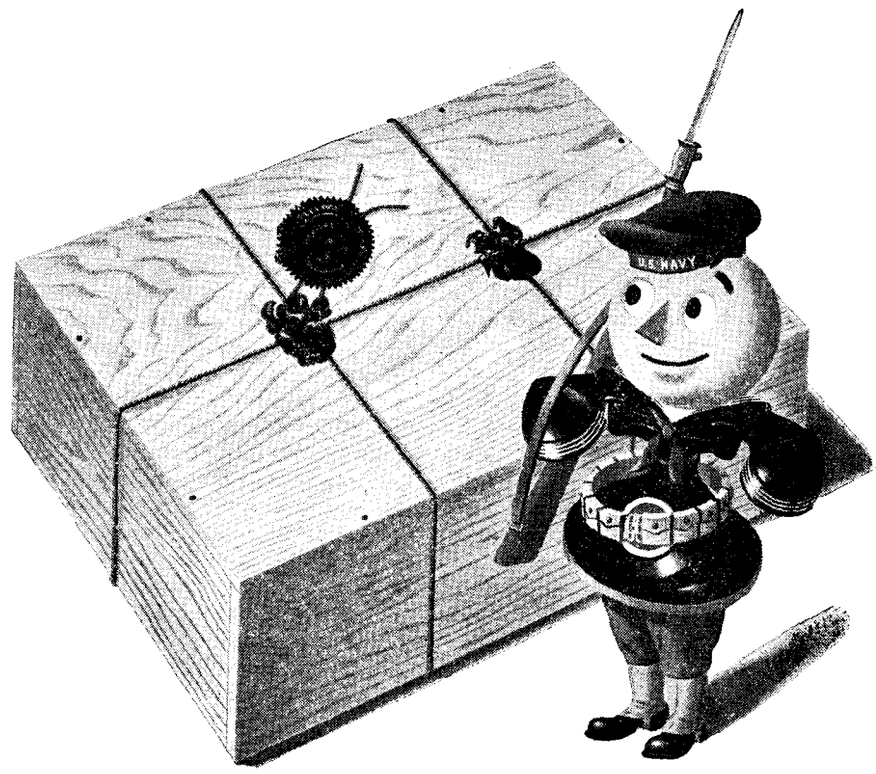
HEAVEN IS TOO HIGH. By Mildred Masterson McNeilly. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 432 pp. $3.

Reviewed by R. A. CORD

THIS substantial and carefully documented historical novel of Russia-America, now Alaska, between 1790 and 1810 has a triple interest just now, when there is a healthy curiosity concerning the early history of all members of the American commonwealth of nations: the gallantry of the Russian people and the emergence of Russia as a world power have sharpened our interest in this vast country and its colonial expansion. It is gratifying to discover that Pribilof, Vancouver, Puget, Bering, Baronov, etc., belonged to men and history before the names were embalmed on the atlas.

The central character of "Heaven Is Too High" is Count Chernov, a Russian aristocrat unlike most early explorers of his social stratum, who looked upon colonial adventure usually as a method of augmenting or recouping their fortunes. Chernov flees Russia because of his numane ("revolutionary") sentiments, but in the eastern colonies preserves his devotion to Russia and passionate concern for her future. He is a fictitious character, but a "composite of the young men of his day who rebelled against the prejudices and confines of the old world, and who looked for freedom and accomplishment in the new land of America." But Alexander Baronov, who is drawn from life, is almost equally important; it is his audacious moves which provide the substance of the narrative. Much of it is factual—the wretched voyages, the grisly Indian massacres (the Indians' refinements of torture would be the envy of the Gestapo), ravages of disease without one doctor in the colonies, famine. It is no wonder that the discouraged settlers, with only a most tenuous connection with Mother Russia, often despaired of help—"Heaven is too high, and the Czar is too far!" The romantic story of Chernov superimposed upon the history is fairly routine, except in the ending: boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy meets girl again but finds that he no longer cares for her after he has grown to prefer the heady life of the colonies to the artificiality of Petersburg.

The novelist has gone to original Russian sources for much of her material. The style is forthright, almost plodding, with few flamboyant flourishes of romance or dosing with local color.



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A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

Music in the Wilderness

THE ROAD TO SALEM. By Adelaide L. Fries. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1944. 316 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WHEN Anna Catharina Antes, having outlived four husbands, seen the opening of the Carolina wilderness, and watched the surge of armed men and refugees in the Revolutionary War, was "called home" in 1816, she left behind an autobiography written in the crabbed German script of a Moravian deaconness. Now Adelaide Fries, without losing the tone or the spirit of the original, has added from other records to Anna Catharina's own story to make it a moving chronicle of the American past.

Basically Catharina, when she began to write in 1803 at the age of seventy-seven, had a good life to record. She had come as young bride with a company of devout Moravians down the Wilderness Road from Pennsylvania to found the religious colony in North Carolina at Salem, now part of the cigarette city of Winston-Salem. There were hostile Indians in her story. Danger stayed close beside it from the beginning to the end. Epidemic and deadly accident and famine touched her life. The first husband whom she loved died of the fever. Each of the other husbands whom the elders chose for her died before her. There was drama and excitement in almost every phase of her simply written story. But she did not undertake to write an exciting document. Miss Fries in expanding it has emphasized none of its dramatics. What is preserved in this book is not merely the details of living Anna Catharina recorded but the essence of the good life she lived and the splendid spirit of goodness she brought to living.

Anna Catharina has given us one of the best pictures of the Unitas Fratrum, or Moravians, as they are called from the place of origin of their sect. As they sought religious freedom, no hard-bitten puritanism turned them from joyousness. They made music in the wilderness, imported trombones from Europe, and brought the first pipe organ to western North Carolina. But the Single Brothers and Single Sisters lived in houses apart. Marriages were arranged in gentleness, but with firmness also, by the elders. Under church supervision there was sometimes the choice of husbands and wives by lot. We can hope that all such church-made marriages were as satisfactory as Catharina's were.

Actually, her life by any modern standards must have been pretty hard. The picture of life in the frontier village which she describes so intimately is of labor in building, of hard work in helping others, nursing the sick, teaching the children, serving the church. It sounds dull; but as Catharina records it the description of domesticity and good works becomes a compelling, fascinating narrative. Obviously her book is grand social history of the American frontier. More important is the significance she gives to all the homeliest events and simplest details of living.

Miss Fries has used the greatest wisdom in handling Catharina's manuscript. Nowhere does the additional historical material which she has added intrude in Catharina's splendid document. It is impossible to tell where Anna Catharina stops and Adelaide Fries adds. But it is certain that the result of their work together with a century and a half between them is not only a splendid picture of good, if difficult, times which are gone but a beautiful portrait of a great woman.

The Snow

By Starr Nelson

EVEN the sky was heavy; the first snowflakes fell
Like petals from great white peonies. The scent
Of lost summer dizzied her so, she bent
And clung, faint, to the frosty rim of the well.
No! It was the faces falling everywhere,
She cried!—the faces in icy waters, in the ferns of Rabaul,
In Iberian groves, beside the white bones of Gaul!—
How like, how unlike, they are, burning the indifferent air,
Expanding and dazzling, turning, falling, to disappear
All, all blurred together in what dark wells of tears. . . .

Winter stung her eyelids, and she rose. She had pride.
She was earth's own daughter, if she was death's bride.
Now only for his curious seed her faintness, her fears—
O heavy white flower with the snow at her side!

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The Case for Planned Economy

MOBILIZING FOR ABUNDANCE. By Robert R. Nathan. New York: Whittlesey House. 1944. 228 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

HERE is a good popular restatement of the case for a planned economy, or how to get along on 150 billion dollars a year. Mr. Nathan, who has had a distinguished career as a government planner, would put the job up to "free enterprise," see to it that a favorable environment exists, and have the government intervene to the extent that the goal is not reached. But there would be a lot of planning, for all that, to correct the alleged deficiencies of private enterprise, such as over-saving, shortage of purchasing power, and the need of redistributing incomes through taxation.

All this is more or less familiar to those who have listened to the furious and foggy controversy over the coming economic organization of the United States. Mr. Nathan's book is neither foggy nor furious, but a well written, well organized, logical account of what's up in planning circles. The most interesting thing about it, however, is the way in which it unconsciously advances the debate, here and there, beyond questions of method to those of "ends" and "values." Prosperity, jobs, and an abundant life for everybody are possible, he declares, and if we settle for less it will be for lack of collective intelligence and collective courage.

That sentiment reverberates with moral overtones, in spite of its metallic clang. And so does Mr. Nathan's proposition that "if depressions and unemployment, which in reality deprive individuals and business men of economic opportunity and freedom, can be averted through intelligent central direction, then an increase in that central direction can give us greater rather than less freedom."

Harold Laski grappled with this same problem of personal freedom under collective control and came up with the formula that all we need to do, in order to be free, is to want collective control. But Robert Nathan's book poses more practical, if less vital, questions. Business enterprise has claimed a great deal of credit for our huge war-time production, forgetting that the achievement was mainly technological, not economic. Now business is being asked, What is to prevent the same production in peace-time? And if war-time results were possible because of government direction, why not continue the direction?

Whether business can give a convincing answer and make it stick remains to be seen. Perhaps the reason why not will be found in another question, which nobody has bothered to ask. Suppose the American people announce that they don't care a hoot about a controlled 150 billions a year, and would rather go to the ball game?

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 41

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 41 *will be found in the next issue.*

NZQM ZIF BEIORHNENM CRMQ HVKHBQ IE CHNBU LI CLMWENQRIH.

—B. B. BEGQEI.

—*GZBEI.*

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 40

THAT, THAT IS, IS; THAT, THAT IS NOT, IS NOT; BUT THAT, THAT IS NOT, IS NOT THAT THAT IS; NOR IS THAT, THAT IS, THAT THAT IS NOT.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

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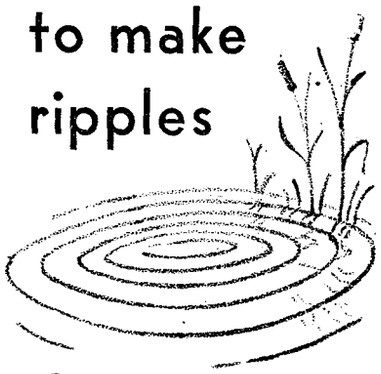

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The Washington Post

Eugene Meyer, Editor & Publisher

From Salt to Pepper

SHORE LEAVE. By Frederic Wakeman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1944. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

"TO a fighting man," says the narrator of this tale, "there are really only two kinds of persons: those who've been in it and those who haven't." It isn't ever going to be easy to explain one to the other, to get behind the impatience and the awe and the general tangle of self-justification that gets in between. Even this book, clear and outspoken as it is, is a gesture in the right direction and no more. It doesn't proceed beyond a good, sharp-lined, preliminary sketch of the fighting sailor, and airman, at home on shore leave. This is what he acts like on his two-week bender. He (the collective he) gathers up a lot of women. He laps up a lot of liquor. He cares for neither; he wallows in them to make a kind of soft, echoless, insulated space between periods of war. And yet it isn't the insulation he loves, it's the war, let us note that. It is clear enough here, in the words he speaks, the way he looks backward and forward, always away from this moment now at home, which you might have expected to be the most precious of moments. No joy in the drink, no joy in the beautiful girl, except an oblique pleasure in the mastery (but the other masteries, over men and machines and life and death, those are the beautiful masteries he aches for), no faith any longer in the certitudes of the old peace life, the job, the religion, the home, the wife. These are gone, old kid stuff, like Santa Claus and Horatio Alger, like believing in angels, like puppy love. They move blindly and with wild gestures through a quick slice of shore leave, and can't get away fast enough.

That is the whole story, done in an open-eyed narrative style, not creative writing but good reporting. There is no attempt at probing for significance. Wakeman underlines, with a good choice of illustrative detail, what he says, as quoted above. There are two kinds of persons, and never the twain shall meet. It is not an exultant statement. It is a sad one, about all the sad young men, Fitzgerald's young men transported from the campus and the ball and the hotel to the barracks and the airfield. They are really tough now, really hardboiled, everything they ever believed in boiled away at last and nothing left but a trust in the way a wheel operates and a plane maneuvers. It is not a pretty picture, and the only hope in it is that it may not be entirely true. There is the feeling that Wakeman's bitter and shallow picture has left a good deal out, things he has not seen or things he doesn't believe are true any more. We'll need further evidence on that, maybe when the war is over and the men come back to write their own tickets, as Dos Passos and Hemingway and Faulkner and Cowley and Cummings, and the others, did the last time.

From Cheese to Caviar

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE. By Isabel Moore. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 250 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

MANY an unknown soldier on the home front must at times think bitterly that the life of the hero she sent off to the wars is a lot softer than her own. Here she shovels the snow while he plays tennis at Pearl Harbor; here she stokes the furnace while he sunbathes at Durban; here she works like a slave while he leads the life of a gentleman in London; here she stays in night after night with the children, while he, suddenly rejuvenated in figure and personality and outlook in a success school which puts to shame the Ardens and the Hudnuts, is again in circulation at Washington cocktail parties. Moreover, as she compares his past with his present, she must have to wrestle with the still bitterer thought that perhaps he went willingly to the wars; that it was boredom and not honor that caused him to fly from "the nunnery of her chaste breast and quiet mind."

This was what the war brought Tessa; not only unfamiliar discomforts but also the realization that her Johnny, whom she loved, was fed up with her tight little world; with the parties at the Country Club, and the new little home with the mirrored wastebaskets, and even with herself and the children. Miss Moore shows how Tessa met this realization, and after her initial dismay, determined not to be one of the casualties of the home front who cannot take it, escaping by neuroticism or drink or other men.

However superficial and conventional, "It's Time to Say Goodbye" nevertheless stands up to some of the realities of a world at war, and by its grain of truth makes its chocolate coating respectable.

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From Electronics to Nutrition

THE SCIENCE YEARBOOK. By John D. Ratcliff. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THIS third annual, like its predecessors, presents what Ratcliff considers the best popular magazine articles on science that appeared in 1943. The war has necessarily cramped him. Since most physicists are working for the Government there is little to report on the constitution of matter or on astrophysics. Ratcliff, therefore, confines himself to what the magazine editors published on medical research, electronics, static electricity, agriculture and nutrition, aviation, meteorology, housing, and cycles in nature. His own introduction goes far toward filling gaps.

A good deal has been done with penicillin since Mona Gardner wrote her article on "Miracle from Mold" for the *Woman's Home Companion,* but she gives a simple summary of the record as it stood early in 1943. Dr. Morris Fishbein writes rather sketchily on caudal analgesia, which to the editor "looks like the answer to one of medicine's ancient dreams—painless childbirth." Since *Fortune's* articles are always as thorough as they can be, considering the limitations of a technically uninformed public, those reproduced on "Front-Line Medicine" and "Electronics" give more solid information than is to be extracted from similar presentations in bulk-circulation magazines. Gretta Palmer (*Cosmopolitan*) and John Moreland (*Collier's*) tell the reader what the scientists are doing to conquer influenza, which is not very much. Hanna Lee's article on coumarin ("Block that Bloodclot") is good though antiquated to newspaper readers. And so with Herman B. Deutsch's article on the use of X-rays in detecting tuberculosis and A. R. Wildhagen's article on the betatron, a machine that whirls electrons at unprecedented velocities and generates X-rays of new power. The late Elmer Sperry was undoubtedly a distinguished inventor, but why he "ranks next to Edison" is not clear. The gyroscope, with which his name is principally identified, was used in airplanes and ships long before he came along with his own adaptations. The articles on agriculture and nutrition are all good. Gurney Williams on aviation in the future is only fair. Robert McCormick on gliders is better. Ratcliff's annual will be outdated in six months, but it will undoubtedly give pleasure and information to many who want their science written in primer style with the proper amount of drama. The contributors to the volume are not literary artists, but as reporters they will do.

The Problems of Human Freight

SIXTY TO GO. By R. L. Yorck. New York: Julian Messner, 1944. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

"R. L. YORCK," we are told, "is the pseudonymn of a well-known European author," a woman. She herself says she is the "niece of Germany's leading publisher," presumably Ullstein. I wish the publishers had told us whether this book is a translation or not.

"Sixty to Go" is a short novel. It concerns the work, brilliant, persistent, and dangerous, of a group of people in Nice busy at getting refugees into Portugal. There is a French countess; a Pole; a Parisian actor, Gérard; Franticek, a Czech pilot, and Johannes Tarner, a Viennese author who writes in French and knows England.

To this group come Esther, from Poland, and Bill, from Texas. Bill Jones Hutchinson is an acrobat. His country is not, at the time, at war with Germany: but he doesn't like seeing people, especially women, pushed around. So when a Nazi hits a woman waiting in a food-queue in Paris, Bill makes trouble, and gets into trouble. He escapes, picking up Esther on the way, into Unoccupied France; but he's wanted by the police. R. L. Yorck has a spare, staccato, oblique style: and it is excellent in conveying the tension under which these conspirators live. It is not so good in the passages where Tarner tries to explain to Bill how and why Texas is concerned with this "foreign war." Bill cannot believe in Nazism: he knows there are very bad Nazis, of course; he has seen them in action. But he compares them with the bad men of his own great country. All countries have them; but they're never in control for long, and never really run a government. That wouldn't make sense. He learns that he is wrong before the book ends: that final scene is melodramatic, not entirely credible as fact, but it has a distorted symbolic power. It is like a passionate caricature which gives the truth more clearly than would a careful, minutely life-like portrait.

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equal to 2+3, and
why 5×6 is not necessarily
the same as 6×5.

If this seems too bizarre,
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The Fittings of Obstructionism

THE FINAL HOUR. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 563 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is the third and possibly the last of the Bouchard family series, which in "The Dynasty of Death," "The Eagles Gather," and now in "The Final Hour" tells the engrossing and almost terrifying story of the ruthless, power-mad family which devotes many of its Machiavellian talents to stunting the growth of democracy and nullifying its benefits. In the third novel of this gripping trilogy the Bouchards are finally pitting their strength against world-sweeping forces which all but laugh at their ineffectual obstructionist cabals. For the time of the story is 1939 to 1942, when the smoldering fires of two decades, nurtured and fanned by man's greed, inhumanity, and stupidity, burst into a conflagration which even the Bouchards and their like cannot control.

In the earlier novels the great munitions manufacturers are honest internationalists determined to wreck not only international understanding and goodwill but peace-loving democracy itself wherever it survives. In "The Final Hour" a few of the shrewder robber-murder barons finally discover that under alluring fascism their license to exploit would be less than in a relatively careless democracy. They note the deposing of Thyssen by Goering, the sudden opulence of politicians like Ribbentrop and Ciano. The conflict of the novel arises from the clash within the family, with most of the Bouchards inclined toward Hitler and fascism (the best means of suppressing labor) and craftily utilizing the isolationists and Anglophobes in Congress, labor-baiting organizations, Roosevelt-haters, fascist clergymen, suborned and subversive newspapers, etc.; there is even Hugo Bouchard, Assistant to the Secretary of "States," appeasing Japan and Franco, hampering understanding with Russia, admiring the Men of Munich. Dying Peter Bouchard is a lone humanitarian and lover of freedom among these rapacious opportunists, and spends his ebbing strength and precious last hours in eloquent appeals to his countrymen to wake up. But shrewd, realistic Henri Bouchard also sees the handwriting on the wall, and fights his obtuse kinsmen not with persuasion but with force and blackmail. It is a measure of the cynicism and hardness of the novel that Henri takes the proper stand for the improper reason of self-interest; if we except Peter, not a member of this huge family has a vestige of patriotism or pride in America.

The great tidal waves of world events almost drown out any serious interest in the personal histories of this great and horrifying family. The love affair, interrupted many years earlier, between Henri and Celeste is resumed, but it seems trivial indeed in the world holocaust—partly because Celeste herself is so trivial. She not only wants her cake, but gets it and eats it and has it, too. One feels that the Bouchards would all make useful fertilizer, but beyond that one's interest is thoroughly objective, but not feeble, for this devouring clan has a horrible fascination.

Taylor Caldwell writes as she pleases and ignores old complaints that no reader can fathom the intricate family relationships. To repeated comments on the vehemence and lushness of her style, perhaps she answers in the remarks of Hawkins, a publisher, "It has drama and fire and color. . . . I like adjectives. I don't like modern stark writing, which substitutes exclamation points and obscenity for good craftsmanship. . . . Starkness can be decadent you know . . ." Nevertheless the best and most moving parts of the book are such quiet and suppressed passages as that describing the death of Peter, a passage which reveals Miss Caldwell's real potentialities as a first-rate novelist far more than do the Cassandra-cry and the impassioned debate.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A regrettable confusion on the part of the Editors is responsible for the error in last week's* SATURDAY REVIEW *through which the answer to Double-Crostic No.* 522 *appeared in the same issue as the puzzle itself, in place of the answer to No.* 521. *The answers to both last week's and the preceding week's appear below.*

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 521)

FRANCES B. TAYLOR:

OLD GARDENS

(CANADIAN AUTHOR)

I love old gardens best,
Gardens where cloistering walls of ruddy brick
Hold starry blossoms in the crevices,
And, topped with silver lichen, vastly thick,
One canopied gate must be . . . . .
Past bordered walks and mossy terraces.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 522)

G. SANTAYANA:

PERSONS AND PLACES

Early New England learning had been founded on accurate Latin and a spellbound constant reading of the Bible. In the Harvard of my day neither Latin nor the Bible flowed through these Professors and made their spiritual lives.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CORPSE CAME C.O.D. *Jimmy Starr* (Murray & Gee: $2.50)	Murders in Hollywood moving picture circle adventurously solved by young newspaper man.	Highly-colored picture of filmdom, plenty of violence, and rowdy goings-on. Plot not too well worked out.	Time-passer
PROFILE BY GAS LIGHT *Numerous* (Simon & Schuster: $2.75)	Thirty-odd pieces about the Sherlock Holmes legend by glittering gallery of devotees.	Book-of-the-Year for *aficionados*, and a joy forever—even if you never heard of S. Holmes in your life.	Required reading
THE MAN WITH THE LUMPY NOSE *Lawrence Lariar* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Batch of Manhattan murders involving gent with unique proboscis solved by cartoonist-sleuth, Homer Bull.	Principal fatality is that of magazine art-editor and story deals mainly with cartoonists. Starts tardily but goes great guns at finish.	Good
SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON *Christopher Morley, Editor* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	"A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and three short Holmes stories with memo., introduction, and notes by C. Morley.	Good to have around, not only for deathless yarns but also for illuminating and amusing notes, foreword, and excellent appendix.	For students, especially

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Jad and Abby

COLCORTON. By Edith Pope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 330 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MISCEGENATION is the villain of this piece but Mrs. Pope deals with it far less grimly, though quite as dramatically, as Dion Boucicault; if the Octoroon had had Abby Clanghearne watching out for his interests he would undoubtedly have been President by now.

Abby is the descendant of a blackbirder whose dubiously acquired glories have diminished in her time to a fine but badly battered old house and some Chippendale furniture, painted a cheerful green. Old Clanghearne had married "a king's daughter." By subsistence farming and some hunting and fishing Abby has been able to put her young brother through law school. Jared, the brother, returns from college with a young wife. Mrs. Pope wisely does not attempt to make a mystery of the problem of her story; the reader is prepared by Abby's determination that Jad shall not marry and, in the face of that accomplished fact, her insistence that he must not have children. The clinching suggestion is when the young lawyer goes to look up some old wills and immediately goes straight to the dogs.

The young wife, however, is already pregnant when Jad winds up with a knife in his back. The body of the story consists of Abby's battles to maintain the family and protect the young heir, as she had unsuccessfully attempted to protect her brother, from knowledge of his ancestry, and also her arrangements to kill her brother's murderer.

The child is protected, and the murder is avenged in one the most deliberate, quiet, and charmingly gruesome private executions that has been written lately.

The serpent who gets into Abby's somewhat roughly arranged Eden is a Northern writer— a low class of humanity, at best—in search of a plot. He guesses almost the whole Clanghearne history and writes it, making it certain that the facts of young Jad's color will come out in the neighborhood. Abby, a persuasive lady, especially with a new shotgun, induces the writer to buy the ruined Clanghearne estate and sends the child and his mother to the refuge of anonymity in the North. She knows that she can "do" for herself anywhere.

This is a thin outline of a story which is splendid in character and setting. It neglects entirely the good Daniel whom Abby can never marry for the reason that she knows and he will never be allowed to learn. LeRoy, Jared's murderer, is about the nicest person to have butchered, with cold foresight and a business eye for detail, that one could imagine. The natural settings have poetry that still does not mist the created picture. The feasting incidents, particularly the noble oyster roast, are enough to make one set up a wigwam down in Fulton Fish Market.

Mrs. Pope complains that for purposes of a jacket biography there is nothing remarkable in her life. The publishers say that she has four more plots in mind, so that one can safely assume that there will be.

—*Mina Turner*

Edith Pope

Sketch for a Novel

THE FACE OF THINGS. By Ann Ritner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

THE narrative of this novel is its all, for there is little in the writing to enhance it. Valerie Martin, divorced from her husband under trying circumstances, is recovering from a nervous breakdown at a rest home. There she meets Neal Drake and they fall in love. She returns home to reëstablish contacts with life, and marries Neal. There are possibilities here for some psychological development, some probing into consciousness, the growth of new morale like new tissue. Miss Ritner has done nothing with these except state them briefly, and since there is nothing else to be said, her story is necessarily scanty and disappointing. Other characters there are, flatly drawn, and the effect is of a novel sketched out for further treatment. N. L. R.

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Jan. 30—1943 Guide to Books on Music
Feb. 27—Guide to Books on Gardening
March 20—Guide to Books on Foundations of the Peace
March 27—Stephen Vincent Benét Memorial Issue
April 10—Pan-American Number
May 22—New England Regional Number
May 29—Panel Discussion on "What Shall We Do with Germany?"
June 5—Guide to University Press Books
July 24—Poetry Number
Aug. 7—Guide to Reference Books
Aug. 21—Guide to Military and Technical Books
Sept. 18—Educational Number

1944

Jan. 22—1944 Guide to Books on Music
Feb. 5—"The Enemy and His Future"—Review of four new books dealing with Germany.
Feb. 12—"What Would Lincoln Do?"—A Symposium
Feb. 26—A 10-Year Box Score on 100 First Novelists

●

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The Phoenix Nest

I WRITHE with jealousy! A poem for the ages has appeared in the March 18 issue of *The Nation*, a poem I would have given my denture to have written, a poem entitled "Hymn to Free Enterprise." I wish it could be set to music and sung in some yet-to-be musical comedy concerning America; I wish it could be published in a broadside, and distributed through the streets— anyway, buy a copy of *The Nation* for March 18 and read it! I can quote here only two of the six immortal verses with chorus. The author gives only his initials, "J. D. K." They should be in lights!

Solo The President of the Manufacturers' Association.

2. For victory we're giving all—at
scarcely more than cost;
But how will victory help us if Free
Enterprise be lost?
The war's demands for well-laid
plans most loyally we've heeded.
But peace is quite a different thing
—no planning then is needed;
So, while today the state's controls
have stretched us on the rack,
The moment victory comes in sight
we want our freedom back!

Chorus

Then hail we now Free Enterprise.
Extol and give it praise!
In armed revolt we'll all arise
If any post-war party tries
To undermine Free Enterprise—
The Enterprise that PAYS!

* * * *

6. Free Enterprise does not, of course,
mean silly competition,
And cutting prices is a sin for which
there's no remission;
A "Gentlemen's Agreement" is the
best of all devices
To stabilize our dividends, our
markets, and our prices;
For taking risks we've little love, we
set our whole affection
On something like monopoly, with adequate protection.

Chorus

Then hail we now Free Enterprise,
Extol and give it praise!
In it the world's salvation lies,
Without it every freedom dies;
O glorious Free Enterprise,
O wonderful Free Enterprise,
O MARVELOUS Free Enterprise—
The Enterprise that PAYS!

I don't think, in the six verses, that "J. D. K." missed a single subhead of the shibboleth!

The mortality among writers has recently been so great that, with no intent so to do, *The Saturday Review of Literature* finds it has omitted mention of the passing of one of our most distinguished men of letters, the late James Boyd, whose principal novels were "Drums," "Marching On," "Long Hunt," "Roll River," and "Bitter Creek." I last saw Boyd in New York and had all too short a conversation with him. Down in Southern Pines, North Carolina, he published *The Pilot*. Its March 3 issue, besides the obituary, bore a long article on the editorial page by his old friend, Struthers Burt. I think I cannot do better than let Struthers speak here for Jim Boyd, by quoting certain paragraphs of that article. The core of Boyd's thinking was this—he wrote it out for the Foreign Section of the Writers' War Board and it was translated into many languages:

> The belief that leads to democracy is this; that every man has something sacred about him. This sacredness is held to be inherent and perpetual: no ruler, no government is justified in violating it. It is the first principle of man's life and nothing takes precedence over it. This sacredness of the individual is safeguarded by a series of rights which have been slowly developed during the history of democracy. Not all Democrats agree what all those rights are. But all agree that they exist.

That was his last message; and one well worth taking earnestly to heart in these confused times. Now, Mr. Burt, after telling how he first met Boyd at Princeton when Burt was a young instructor of English there and Boyd a Junior, says:

> The mark was on him. He was a writer. No doubt about that. He had the stigmata. And his stories were true and beautiful. And so were his poems. And I knew that they would be published, and that a great writer had come into my house. He was shy and humble, the way all good artists are, and troubled, and elated. . . . He had seen and done a lot since we had last met. Like all of us, he had gone to war, but he had been one of the Americans who had been in terrible and active service. A First Lieutenant of a Medical Regiment, he had been on the Italian front and afterwards at St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne. He did not know then, nor until years later, that he had been mortally wounded and was to be a delayed war casualty. Somewhere in France or Italy he acquired a dreadful sinus infection that was to cause ten years of operations and suffering, and finally, a little while ago, his death. During those last ten years, and I was with him often, he was one of the most gallant men I have ever seen. No one ever knew, except by using his imagination, what he was going through. . . . But he had more than good health; he had tremendous energy, unceasing interest, intense enjoyment, what the French call "the lance vital"; the swift rising up of the arrow of the spirit. And that is the essence of life and living, and the strength of them. . . . His family were North Carolinians to begin with, early settlers, and then a part of them had gone to Pennsylvania. But his father and grandfather owned a large tract of land in North Carolina and he came back to it like a native son. Something in the look of the land, its sparse and sunny beauty, something in the feel of the state, its combination of gentleness and hardness, pleased him. And then, in North Carolina, he could exercise to the full his Scotch-Irish love of managing land and his love of horses. . . . He was one of the best horsemen I have ever seen. . . . He was a good sailor. . . . He was a superb story-teller and a superb speaker; after-dinner or otherwise; precise, pointed, unbelievably witty, sardonic, and unescapably honest. . . . He attracted people from all over the world. . . . I think he was the most considerate husband I have ever seen. So warm and so considerate that it stirred you. And he was an equally good father—to his two sons, one now in the Coast Guard, the other in the Army, and to his daughter. I watched him teach them how to ride, he taught them to sail and swim; again and again I came upon him in the evening reading great books to them.

Here Burt speaks of Boyd being a "'long-rifle man' mentally," thinks his "Drums" as fine an historical novel as "Henry Esmond," though thinking "The Long Hunt" the most perfect book he wrote, and then says:

> Fundamentally, and always, he was a poet. And people don't understand poets—good ones—for they are very observant, and logical and realistic people. The beauty they wish for, and work with, makes them see the world with a terrible clarity. . . . So I am more glad than I can say that these last two years, after a long interval, he turned to poetry again—the finest he had ever written, profound and deeply moving. It will be published in a book some day.

John McWilliams, of Sheridan, Wyoming, writes to me:

> A good while ago when I was still a sprout in high school, I came across a little bit of verse written in an account-book of one of my father's hired men (he was, and is, a rancher). It has stuck doggedly to me all these years. I have read

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The Phoenix Nest with enjoyment for many months, and thought that possibly you or your readers might get pleasure from it. If you know who actually wrote it, would you please let me know?

I have no doubt the devil grins
At the seas of ink I spatter;
Ye Gods, forgive my literary sins,
The other kind don't matter!

Can any reader help Mr. McWilliams out?

I first mentioned "T. Put" in 1930 in this periodical, and again in September, 1943. Now I treasure a letter from Edith Caldwell Griswold (Mrs. Ely Griswold of Erie, Pennsylvania), who was formerly Mrs. "T. Put." She says that the long-ago artist and versifier of the old *Yale Record* was pleased with my mention of him, which he saw in a clipping shortly before his death. His little book was called "A Catalog of Doggerel," and had in it the famous verse concerning "the picture of a calf," which I have quoted heretofore. I thank Mrs. Griswold for sending me a print of that drawing!

Are you all admirers of the strange drawings of Virgil Partch, who signs himself "Vip"? If so, McBride is publishing them in late April. He is a favorite of mine, along with Charles Addams!

The death of Will Crawford, distinguished cartoonist and illustrator, reminded me of how in my youth I prized his pictures of historical American episodes, in the old, long-ago *Life* that was J. A. Mitchell's magazine of humor. One of the finest was that of Sheridan's ride—Sheridan reining up his horse at the end of it, and paying no attention to the fact that one hoof of said horse is firmly planted upon the foot of an outraged infantryman. If anyone knows whether Will Crawford's drawings of this kind were ever collected, I shall be deeply obliged for communication of the knowledge—also if anyone knows where they are procurable? Mr. Crawford became one of the leading illustrators of America. Not only did he illustrate many of the Western stories of the late Cyrus Townsend Brady, but also three books by his friend, MacKinlay Kantor. He knew most of the leftists, ultra-liberals, and Communists of his time, and among his friends were the late Art Young and Will Rogers—though Will could hardly be called in this category! Crawford lived in a single-tax community in the Watchung Hills, and kept open house for struggling young artists. He declined to illustrate books by writers he thought inaccurate. To me his style of draughtsmanship was genuinely beautiful.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "The Merchant of Venice," by Shakespeare.
2. "The Women," by Clare Boothe.
3. "You Can't Take It With You," by Kaufman and Hart.
4. "High Tor," by Maxwell Anderson.
5. "Tobacco Road," by Caldwell and Kirkland.
6. "Cavalcade," by Noel Coward.
7. "The Time of Your Life," by William Saroyan.
8. "Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck.
9. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolph Besier.
10. "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder.
11. "The Man Who Came to Dinner," by Kaufman and Hart.
12. "The Front Page," by Hecht and MacArthur.
13. "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
14. "What Every Woman Knows," by James M. Barrie.
15. "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill.
16. "Dangerous Corner," by J. B. Priestley.
17. "A Night at an Inn," by Lord Dunsany.
18. "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde.
19. "Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne.
20. "Life with Father," by Lindsay and Crouse.

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The Crostics Club

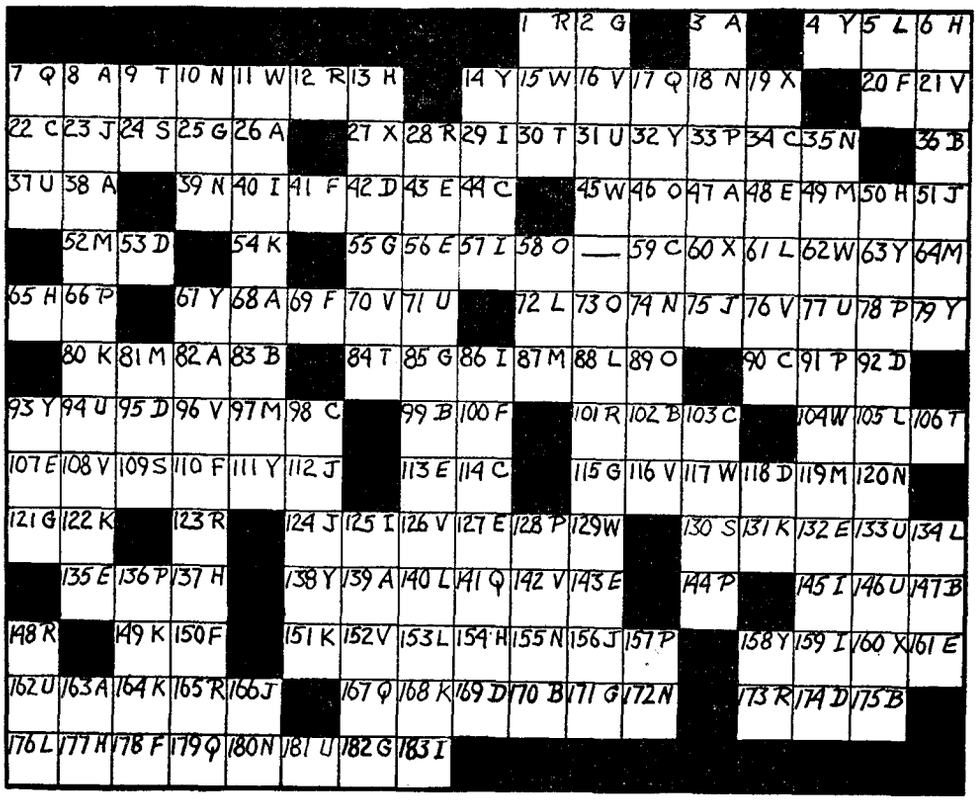
THUS writes George Wagner, Emeritus Professor of Zoölogy, University of Wisconsin, now in Palo Alto: "As a professional zoölogist, I had planned to put in an indignant protest against your making 'hedgehog' and 'porcupine' synonymous in a recent DC. But I decided you'd probably pull the WNI on me (I don't have a copy on hand at present); but if you did the practice would still be distressingly wrong." Arthur Hays Sulzberger also wrote of being led astray by that definition. Although in WNI no mention of "hedgehog" is given under "porcupine," yet under "hedgehog" one finds that the animal is popularly known as a "porcupine" in America.

As an evidence of how Providence sometimes comes to the aid of DC fans, Professor Wagner continues: "Some time ago I saw at Marshall Field's in Chicago in an exhibition of antiques a very large and elaborate silver table-affair in three pieces, without learning what it was called. Somewhat later among some old family letters I found one addressed to my mother-in-law when she was a young girl (somewhere in the 1850's) describing a party given by Gov. Yates in his home in Schenectady, N. Y. In this letter was a description of a table decoration clearly like the one I had seen, and the letter called it an 'epergne'. Only a few weeks after that a description quite as clear appeared in one of your DCs. And to complete the tale, quite recently the *SRL* brought a picture of the mansion in which the party was held. Perhaps I might add that the letter came into my possession because over fifty years ago I, a young man from Minnesota, met Mrs. Wagner, a girl from the Mohawk Valley, quite by accident (or Providence?) in Chicago." And Professor Wagner introduces me to the word "pinkletinks," apparently meaning the small frogs called Spring peepers.

While on the subject of zoölogy, did any of you note that *New York Times* editorial on the report of the Rockefeller Foundation of its work against yellow fever in Lagos, Africa? For if you did you came across the *rhesus* monkey inoculated from one black native named Asibi, from whose original strain all cases since have been immunized.

B. I. Kinne, Professor in Columbia College, surprised that I should question the use of *whimwham*, writes: "When I was a child and we asked our mother what anything was, any gadget, or a part of the sewing machine or such-like, she always answered: 'Oh, that's a whimwham for a goose's bridle and a waylay for meddlers!'—a sentence that has always delighted me."

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 523

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Among Moslems the community of Orthodox Greeks (2 wds.)

B. Spanish priest, author of a universal history and geography translated by King Alfred.

C. Author of "Babylonica" (in Greek—300 B.C.) still used as a source.

D. Relating to insects.

E. Art process of pressing thin metal from the reverse side (Fr.)

F. Florid; fastidious; a kind of glossy silk.

G. That which is manifested.

H. Rouged; flushed.

I. A mark or marks showing omission of words, letters, etc. (Printing).

J. Bungling, especially in games.

K. Indefinite; indeterminate; also of a tense of the Greek verb.

L. Wild, romping young person; also a termagant.

M. A powerful magician in Russian folklore.

N. Thickened.

O. Having a strong, disagreeable smell.

P. Dark, venom-dripping hell in Niflheim (Norse Myth.)

Q. English composer ("Enigma Variations.")

R. Applying to certain Marbles in the British Museum found near Lycia, Asia Minor.

S. A desert region of shifting sand in Africa, like the *Iguid*.

T. To grate harshly upon; a kind of coarse file.

U. Relating to the Underworld gods of the Greeks.

V. In an unwrought or rude condition (phrase).

W. A weak-minded stupid fellow; a dupe.

X. Pseudonym of English essayist (1820-33).

Y. A radio program having no commercial sponsor.

WORDS

8 82 47 139 3 163 68 38 26

99 147 36 175 102 170 83

59 34 114 90 103 98 22 44

92 53 174 169 118 95 42

161 56 107 113 127 143 48 135 132 43

20 41 100 150 69 178 110

2 25 85 55 121 171 115 182

154 177 137 13 50 65 6

29 57 40 125 159 145 86 183

112 23 124 51 75 156 166

54 149 168 164 122 80 131 151

153 140 5 134 105 72 176 61 88

97 119 87 64 81 49 52

74 39 180 120 35 18 10 155 172

73 58 46 89

91 144 33 157 128 78 136 66

7 179 141 167 17

28 123 165 148 101 173 1 12

130 109 24

30 106 9 84

31 94 71 133 146 181 77 162 37

16 96 76 21 142 70 116 152 126 108

117 62 15 45 129 11 104

27 19 160 60

14 4 158 93 67 32 63 138 79 111

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AMERICANS must frequently wonder what has been happening in these countless villages that today are being retaken by the hundreds in the sweep of the Soviet armies. *The Rainbow*, the 1943 Stalin Prize Novel, tells the story of one such village in the Ukraine. It tells of the heroism and courage of the Russian people, holding out against German brutality until the Red Army's return.

Wanda Wasilewska is a war correspondent with the Red Army. *The Rainbow*, her fourth novel, has sold over 500,000 copies in Russia.

Price, $2.50

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NEW YORK SUN: "Compact, well-constructed, and extraordinarily vivid. All the features of the New Order are here in all their stark absurdity; but the author has given them new force and meaning by organizing them into a tale of Russian character, full of suffering but also of drama."

BOSTON POST: "A book as sweeping in scope as the war-scorched Russian steppes. It tells more about what the Russians are than the combined Moscow staffs of A.P. and U.P. — with Tass thrown in. The author writes with firm, artistic discipline in epic universal rhythms."

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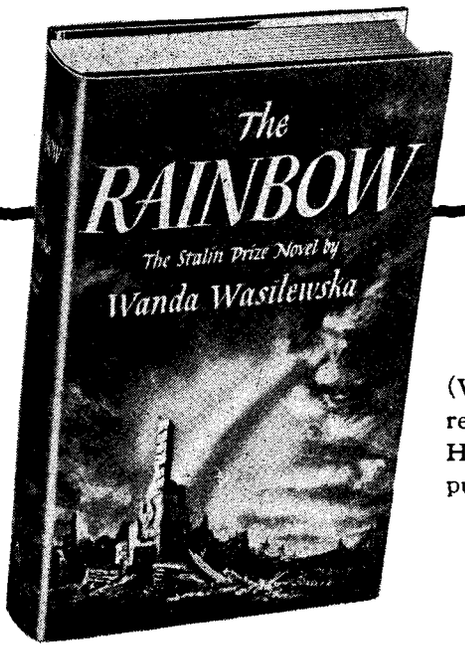

(We also recommend that you read the new Imperative: John Hersey's *A Bell for Adano.* It is published by Knopf at $2.50.)

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